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## OMENS OF 1936

BY D. W. BROGAN

THREE or four years ago there appeared in a London paper a story over which most of the readers must have laughed or at least smiled. It told of a little boy whose mother noted, approvingly, that he raised his cap as their bus passed the Cenotaph, but was startled into comment as he again raised it when passing the Crimea memorial outside Westminster School. "But that's a war memorial too", said the puzzled little boy. What the pessimistic and bitterly acute thought three or four years ago is now beginning to be thought by all but the most cynical. The little boy was right and the laugh was on us, not on him. Our illusions about the last war, above all the illusion that it was the *last* war, have worn very thin indeed, and the children born during or after the war, and now attaining an age which makes them admirable material for use in war have, as is most natural, less interest in the great struggle that coloured the lives of all their elders than in the slow or rapid approach of a new great war that will colour all their own lives—and end the lives of thousands, tens of thousands, hundreds of thousands of young men now planning their futures—and allowing, more or less consciously, for the impact of war on even the most reasonable and modest plans. We all stand in the shadow of a great fear, and if the angel of death is not yet abroad in the land, we can hear the beating of his wings—and see them too, filling our old familiar sky.

It is against or below that background of apprehension that the past year and the future must be considered. All plans and hopes of government and opposition are conditioned by the maintenance of peace and, indeed, by a diminution of tension.



If Europe remains in its present state, re-arming feverishly, looking around for alliances, calculating the cost of a concession here against a possibly greater concession there, the life of every people which may reasonably fear to be involved will be more and more deeply coloured by the ordeal which they fear they may soon have to undergo.

Such feelings played a great part in the general election, as they have played a great part in the politics of the past two years. With the Nazi revolution, the realization that war was again a possibility, perhaps more than a possibility, began to penetrate all levels of British opinion. True, there were some observers immune from common opinions and proud of their inside information who laboured, and not entirely in vain, to assure us that Germany was no more a menace to peace than anyone else, that they had asked eminent authorities in that country if they planned to make war on Britain, and that they had been assured that nothing of the kind was intended. Despite the eminent authority of that deep student of international affairs, Lord Mottistone, public opinion was not re-assured. It is true that after the first wave of indignation over Nazi atrocities had ebbed, ebbed partly through boredom and partly through the slow but effective suction of propaganda, public opinion ceased to be indignant about Hitlerian Germany. The desperate gambler's throw feared in the early part of 1933 had not occurred : whatever Germany planned it was not that. But I doubt very much whether any number of football matches, any number of Olympic Games, even with a few hand-picked non-Aryan athletes to pacify the sporting conscience of the world, will in any way diminish the feeling that peace is endangered in some fashion by the re-appearance of a powerfully armed Germany ruled by a group whose living faith is in arms, whose criterion of morals (and of the good life in its widest sense) is nationalist.

Nationalism in its modern degenerate pathological sense is the great disease of the moment, and may be the death of the civilized world in the near future. One centre of that disease is Germany, and if nothing else is certain about that country this is ; the critical spirit which alone can temper that fever is not merely not encouraged (that could be said of most countries) it is suppressed, rooted out, made the great sin for which there is no forgiveness.



I think the man in the street realizes this. It does not make him angry with the Germans; he is perhaps only too willing to put the blame for that condition somewhere else, above all on France; but no amount of ingenious diagnosis will persuade him that the prognosis of the disease is unimportant. When typhoid broke out among carefully inoculated troops in the late war, laymen smiled a little at the doctors' verdict that it was not the real thing but para-typhoid. The great and highly contagious disease of the world is nationalism; what Germany has may be only para-nationalism, but that is a matter of interest to the political bacteriologist, not to the layman. What he wants from his political doctors is some form of panacea; but not the old inoculation which has been tried but found wanting.

The first British party to perceive this was the Labour Party. This is not to reduce their reaction to a mere consideration of tactics; it was spontaneous—and also profitable. The man in the street who had seen the war menace take shape under his puzzled and then alarmed eyes was not disposed to ignore the possibility that British foreign policy had had something to do with it. He may have been unjust in this. The campaign against Sir John Simon probably overshot the mark. The hypercritical Londoner coldly analysing Sir John's able speeches, the Parliament man with his dislike of political lawyers, the journalist aware of the unfortunate impression made by Sir John's sweet reasonableness abroad, probably exaggerated his unpopularity. The man in the street never saw him except in a news reel, and may have liked that smile which has reminded other persons of O'Connell's description of Peel's smile: "like a silver plate on a coffin". But somehow the impression got around that Sir John was too able in finding an excuse for any course of action; the country did not want to be assured that it would always have a first-class brief ready when war broke out, or even while the elaborate structure of agreements and reservations out of which war comes was being built up. Sir John gave too much the impression of the *virtuoso*: he was never anything but sweetly reasonable, and his slight contempt for mere sentimentality may have been justified; but these are virtues out of place in war or in discussions of war.

It is in this feeling that the heart of the opposition to the



private manufacture of arms is to be found. All the able demonstrations that this is the wise, prudent, cheap way of preparing for war ; all the stout denials that armament firms benefit from war (even were it conceivable that the gentlemen who rule them would ever let interest interfere with their golden hearts' first promptings), all are irrelevant. Their very reasonableness is out of place, for war is not reasonable. It is in vain to prove to a future infantryman that the fact that the captured Turkish gun on the village green was made by a British firm is unimportant ; that for one gun sold to the Turks the firm was able to sell ten to Britain, while without foreign orders the firm would have collapsed. The man who can see this argument is capable of working out for himself the economics of going through the Somme, Passchendaele, and Arras for the mediocre pay of a private—and of deciding to stay at home in work of national importance. However odd such sentiments may seem to eminent lawyers, they are widespread in classes less accustomed to fine distinctions. The Englishman who really doesn't mind being killed by a Vicker's tank of the kind advertised in the German Press, any more than being killed by a home-made product is too keen-witted to be swept off his feet by appeals to fight for King and Country.

If Sir John Simon appreciated this point of view he kept the fact dark. It was the strength of the Labour Party that they did. It has since been the strength of the National Government that it came to appreciate the depth of popular feeling on the peace question. The East Fulham by-election was one danger signal ; the Peace Ballot of the League of Nations Union was another. It is amusing to reflect that this enterprise, sneered at by many Conservatives, denounced by others, has proved of great value to the Government. But for the Peace Ballot it is not too uncharitable to suggest that it might have been harder for Mr. Baldwin to keep some of his supporters quiet. The Conservative Party suffers from its associations with the Colonel Blimps of this world, and the straightforward " patriotic " stunt has paid so well in the past that, but for the ballot, it might have been harder to keep the old-fashioned army and navy Tory in his place—which is more prominent in Bournemouth and, indeed, in the House of Commons, than it is in the country. But



for the ballot these truths might have been hidden from a government which seemed to have at least the usual allowance of complacency. If they had continued to be hidden, the Labour Party could hardly have avoided profiting nationally (as it did locally) from a belief that the Government took the risks of war and the whole mentality in which war, if the *ultima ratio* is still the *ratio* of states, as natural phenomena.

It was a government in which the members who felt with the alarmed conscience revealed by the ballot had on the whole the upper hand that faced the Abyssinian crisis. Admirably complete cases can be made out for either side in the dispute. All the old white man's burden arguments can be brought forth : slavery, barbarism, need for development of raw materials, etc., etc. It is even possible to lay down general lines of settlement, as has been done by Mr. Garvin (with a generous air of letting these barbarians have more than is good for them) and, given the premises, point with pride to the conclusion. It is true that captious critics might demur to the possible extensions of a policy based on the internal wickedness of Abyssinia, and might even wonder whether, if a Trades Union Congress is to be condemned for being the new tailors of Tooley Street, at how many tailors of Fleet Street we must estimate Lords Beaverbrook and Rothermere, Lady Houston and Mr. Garvin. It is also possible to confine oneself to the written word, to point to covenants and pacts which Italy is manifestly infringing. Both points of view have been put to the country and the country has, I think, disregarded most of those arguments. The invasion of Abyssinia has been regarded not merely or mainly as a breach of plighted faith, but as a sign that the symptoms of madness in Europe have not been deceptive, that the end of preaching and preparing for war has been war, that trust in the statesmanlike qualities of the Duce has been unjustified, and that movements whose great emotional drive has come from militarist feeling and nationalist hysteria will, sooner or later, result in deeds as well as words.

Unless the admirers of shining swords can be taught one conclusive lesson, the game is up ; we can only prepare for war, either to isolate ourselves or if, as is dreadfully probable, we cannot do that, for a war in which not merely victory but speedy victory is possible. The rallying of the country round the



League policy was a last gesture of hope. If the League fails now, then the men who died in the late war were betrayed. Would-be hard-boiled persons have told us that nearly a million men died for King and Country. In a sense they did, but it was for a King and Country which would not ask such a sacrifice again. Jaurès, as readers of M. Romain's may remember, asked a pre-war audience if the peoples of Europe under their burden of armaments were fearing war or the ghost of war. Since 1918 men have hoped that it was the ghost of war. If that ghost walks again, it will be hard indeed even for a former Secretary of State for War to get his team to play the return match in the sporting spirit which Lord Mottistone so admires.

The average man is uneasy; he is aware of formidable forces being unchained, and he has taken refuge, in 1935 as in 1931, in the arms of people who seem both to know their own mind and to be willing to accept responsibility. Where the Labour Party did know its own mind it was the same kind of mind as the Government professed to have. Where the Government and the Opposition differed, the Opposition suffered, in 1935 as in 1931, from the most hampering of all suspicions—the all-pervading belief that not only did it not expect to win, but that it did not want to win. In the grey state of the present world, the average elector felt that this was not good enough.

This suspicion of the fighting spirit of the Labour Opposition, however unjustified, was widespread, and the country showed its opinion of such tactics by giving the Government a far bigger majority than they expected, or possibly than all members of the Government altogether liked. When all allowances are made for the younger men who held so many seats despaired of too easily, the bulk of the Government majority consists of ordinary Conservative members naturally prone to under-estimate those sections of the voters who are not represented by the best clubs or by those often odd bodies, the local Conservative associations. The country has not voted so much for any definite policy as for the hope of *some* policy, and, far more than for any policy, it has voted for a man. In the dangerous moment in which we live, Mr. Baldwin has seemed to the country not merely safe, but sound. On the great issue of peace he has managed to give the impression that he wants peace and is willing to pay the rather high price at



which that commodity is now offered. Mr. Baldwin, in his time, has made indiscreet remarks, but they have not been of the completely disastrous kind. He has never dropped bricks of the size and weight of that dropped by Lord Londonderry. He is not suspected of lingering sentimental views about Germany (such as are attributed rightly or wrongly to Mr. MacDonald), or of a love for France passing prudence, such as Sir Austen Chamberlain once boasted.

The degree to which Mr. Baldwin has been the recipient of something like plebiscitary authority has already been pointed out by the Opposition, but it is not likely to be ignored by the average National M.P. The effect of a destruction of trust in leadership has been made plain by Labour disasters. Electors will not vote merely for a programme, still less for two or more programmes: they vote for men or a group of men. At the moment the only person in politics on either side who commands anything like widespread popular support is the Prime Minister.

What does the country expect of Mr. Baldwin? In a sense, not a great deal. The electorate turned down "safety first" in 1929, but they will be content with that (if they can get it) in 1936. The last delusions about easy progress, about quick solutions of our problems seem to have evaporated. It is quite plain now that the man in the street is as far away from Socialism as ever, or further, and that when a real crisis comes he will try the old remedies rather than the new. It may be that this involves being resigned to stabilization at progressively lower levels as capitalism endures crisis after crisis. It may be that Marx was right on this point, but he was wrong on another. Capitalism has not isolated a small exploiting class from a vast exploited class or, if so, the fact is so hidden that the worker does not see it. He may have nothing to lose but his chains, but he does not think so and, politically, that is what matters. The electoral conversion of the English working man to real belief in Socialism seems far away. Time was when the Communists could have said "I told you so", and recruited disillusioned gradualists. But today the Communists have become discreet for many reasons, and two are powerful. Russia needs peace even at the cost of postponing revolution in the West—and in any case the lesson that revolution is a game that two



can play at, and the bourgeoisie better than the workers, has at last been learned.

The bearings of this situation on the position of the National Government are plain. Mr. Baldwin has to face an Opposition which, however it may dress its shop-window, is depressed by the knowledge that it has missed the tide and is not at all sure that the next tide will carry it much further on. The Labour Party is bound, for some years to come, to play a moderate role. Mr. Morrison has not been elected leader, but when he told the Sorbonne that in Great Britain "the general practice had been not to do the right thing straightaway, even though we knew what was the right thing to do", he was saying a mouthful, as the Labour Party does not even know to its own satisfaction what is the right thing to do! Such an Opposition is not a menace to a government which plays its cards even moderately well.

Much depends on general economic conditions. If trade improves the government will get the credit. If revenue is elastic, money will be there to spend and the National Government will have to spend it. The beet sugar subsidy and the various means elaborated by Mr. Elliot for turning taxes over to what used to be called the landed interest have shown the way. The government having, to its own and everyone else's surprise, done amazingly well in the depressed areas, seems resolved to do something dramatic in those areas which, it is to be remembered, were depressed long before 1929. If all else fails money will have to be poured into these regions on the same plausible ground that it has been poured into less needy regions.

One aspect of the Government's policy will help the depressed areas, or some of them, for old-fashioned armaments mean ships and armour plate. Even if the Government have not the courage to remove such an excellent target as Woolwich Arsenal to some less open spot in the West, naval shipbuilding will help the Clyde and the Tyne and Barrow if it leaves South Wales still in the cold. There is a danger that this aspect of the question may be given too much weight, that the depressed areas may get nothing but the help that armaments orders may give—and that the whole re-arming policy may be complicated by extraneous questions.

Though it may seem an odd thing to say, it is in the field of



efficient re-armament that the practical disappearance of the Liberal Party is most to be lamented. A predominantly Conservative government is not fitted by nature for such a task. Of course if it were possible to give all the Services all they asked for, there might not be much trouble. But it is not possible. There must be some allocation of resources between the Services and within the Services. If battleships are to be provided on the scale one school might like, there must be fewer destroyers. If the School of Equitation or the bearskin department of the Guards are to be given all they want, we cannot have so many tanks, so many mechanized batteries. If the Navy and the Army are to have their old predominance, the Royal Air Force will not have all the resources it may well need. Why should Conservative governments be less fit to deal with such questions than Liberal governments? No party has "the interests of the Services" so much at heart. True, but that is the difficulty. The "interests of the Services" as interpreted by the Services, by the Service clubs or naval and military backbenchers, may not be the real interests of the service of defence. There must have been some readers of Mr. Duff Cooper's *Haig* who wondered whether the respect for hierarchy displayed in that book, the reverence for the opinion of the Cavalry Club, revealed a man who could be trusted to put his foot down and to decide among the claims of various departments without too much regard for tradition or for vested interests. What is needed is a Haldane or a Cardwell or a Lloyd George: all of them, it will be observed, Liberals.

Nor will it do to "trust the Admirals". First of all, what Admirals? What is now the far from silent service has revealed such profound differences of opinion in the pre-war navy and, if some forcible witnesses may be trusted, such penalizing of independence of thought by Fisher, that the old blind trust in "the British navy, Albion's boast", has gone. Lastly, there is the Air Force, whose rise is naturally annoying to "blue-water" admirals and *arme blanche* generals. The R.A.F. cannot be wholly ignored, yet it has few active representatives in the best clubs and cannot, in the nature of things, have many magnificoes who have climbed their way to the top and acquired the authority of (expensive) experience.

The late war is fresh enough in the minds of thousands for blind respect for expert opinion to be scarce. "Muddling through", which was a tribute to the soundness of character of the Briton which made him so much superior to foreign officers who "went to the front in trains" (to quote Mr. Kipling from memory), was less attractive by 1917. Whether the money for re-armament is raised by loan or taxation or by more or less obvious saving on other types of expenditure, the time will not be very remote when it will be politically profitable to accuse the Government of prodigality; and when that time comes no weight of approval by veteran leaders of the late war will make inaudible the still small voice of scepticism of the wisdom of paying too much attention even to so worthy a class as the orthodox soldier and sailor. But it will require remarkable strength of will for a Conservative Prime Minister to disregard the views of a section of supporters numerous, vocal, and powerful. Even after the lesson of the War of 1870, the abolition of purchase was fought desperately by the party which professed to have, if not the monopoly, the first claim on patriotism. If such efforts were made for purchase, what will not be done to save formal drill, musical rides, slow marching and all the other essentials of soldiering, now defended with all the fervour and many of the arguments once used for compulsory Greek?

It may seem an odd procedure to ignore general economic questions, but I am only following the electorate which is not, at the moment, convinced that there is much to be done about the sad state of the business world. The Government can, apparently, get along without any real unemployment policy, even without making up its mind what to do about relief, and the implications of the general policy of subsidy and tariff have not yet become apparent to the man in the street. It is significant that Lord Nuffield's protest against the raising of prices by the steel manufacturers, now buttressed by the tariff, was not received with the merry or sour laughter which would greet it in a country used to the paradoxes of protection. The selfishness of interests which want a share of the high prices made possible by protection has been a theme of lamentations of interests which were themselves beneficiaries for sixty years in America. There such complaints are greeted with derision. We are still in that innocent



first stage in which "Cobdenism" shouted as a term of abuse is enough to stop thought.

The time will come, however, when the first charms of the protectionist drug will begin to wear off, when Greenock will want compensation for the losses it suffers through the beet sugar system, when the Treasury veto on British shipping doing good business, even at the risk of hurting the prospects of paying the bill of the *Queen Mary*, will require some defending in Liverpool. Here again the absence of a Liberal Party will be dearly paid for, since the Labour Party has no general grounds of criticism of such antics short of a complete Socialist reconstruction which is far enough off.

Lastly, it will be necessary to think hard over the problem of the Colonial Empire. If preferences are going to shut out the rest of the world from the Colonial Empire, the moral effect of indignation about Abyssinia will have to stand a lot of hard wear and tear. More than that, if the Italians get anything out of a final settlement that they could not have got last September *without* war, the lesson that war pays (in the crude arithmetic that does duty in a nationalist world) will be learned. Then the question of the German colonies will have to be faced in earnest. It may prove expensive to keep a market open for Lancashire at the cost of heavy armaments and an increasing pressure that may break the dykes at any moment. It is no use being convinced that no empire is worth fighting to win if you are obviously convinced it is worth fighting to keep. It is no use hoping that Dictators will say that war is too great a risk. The time may come when there is only one card left to play: the card of brilliant foreign successes. It may be a bluff, but it is a bluff that the Dictator cannot afford to allow to be called.

For it must be remembered that a dictatorial regime has already burnt its boats. The apologists for Signor Mussolini continually tell us that in hardly veiled words. The French Republic, if not M. Delcassé, could survive the "greatest humiliation in history". If the Liberal Party paid for the death of Gordon, the constitution survived and so did Mr. Gladstone. But a crushing defeat for Mussolini might well be the Mexican affair leading to Sedan, and every Dictator, like Napoleon I and Napoleon III, must be a gambler. Ten "Thirtieths of June" are cheap prices to

pay for European peace, but they are not indefinitely repeatable.

Within the year we should know whether the risks of war have been made palpable to the rulers of Germany and of Italy in so decisive a fashion as to chill their enthusiasm for a dangerously brilliant foreign policy. If that lesson is not made obvious, then we are on the way to a new world war, to be avoided only by a boldness and courage which will make an immense claim on Mr. Baldwin, on his party, and on the country. We shall be told, of course, that such a war is unthinkable, but unthinkable by whom? By us perhaps, by France, by the saturated Powers; but why unthinkable by governments which are continually thinking of it, which feed their peoples with the illusion that all their ills are due to defeat, or rather to internal and external treachery or to the diplomatic faults of a rotten regime? If Signor Mussolini is able to convince the Italian people that he has succeeded where Signor Orlando failed, how long will it be before Herr Hitler will try to undo the work of the "November traitors"?

It is under such ominous signs—and largely because of them—that Mr. Baldwin has been given such a vote of confidence, a vote of confidence in his honesty and adroitness, but which must always be interpreted as a vote of fear as well as of hope. In the next year we shall see if the last word lies with the Powers which not merely have, but know that they have nothing to gain by war. If that truth seems to be disproved by the outcome of the Abyssinian affair, the final decision will not be made in London or Paris, but elsewhere. The country will come to realize that, for, despite the opposition of various classes of pacifists, most people still agree with Mr. Dooley. He remarked that you could refuse a man most things, but that if he wanted a fight you had to oblige him. A year from now we may be able to judge whether this joke has become too relevant to be bearable. If it has, the country will judge harshly a government and a leader whose honesty has proved so inadequate to a situation calling for intellectual as well as the easier moral virtues.



## THE FRENCH REGIME IN PERIL

BY SISLEY HUDDLESTON

IN these days when Parliamentarism has been tried and found wanting in a number of European countries, and is obviously passing through a crisis which may be fatal in France, it would be well to examine the causes of an apparent failure which fills with dismay many of us who had been taught that good government could only be exercised under popular control. It is, of course, no condemnation of a system of government to say that it has worked badly in any particular country. If the most perfect piece of machinery is manipulated by inexperienced hands it may produce disastrous results. So before we begin to generalize about the Parliamentary regime, we must ascertain in what conditions it has been operated.

In the three principal European states where Parliamentarism, as understood by the British, has been rejected, it may properly be affirmed that it has never been applied; and, moreover, the different forms of dictatorship which have been established in Germany, Italy, and Russia have certainly not proved their superiority, except for limited purposes. There are, indeed, few European nations which conform to the Parliamentary principles of Great Britain, and even in Great Britain there exists some challenge to the old conceptions. It may be taken that if Parliamentarism is to survive as an acceptable theory of government, it must be re-examined in the light of experience, its defects clearly pointed out, and its thorough reform fearlessly undertaken. Parliamentarism, it is scarcely necessary to remind the reader, is not the only expression of democracy; and if one chose to be paradoxical, it would not be difficult to argue that Hitlerism, for example, based, as it is, not only on mob discipline, but on mob mysticism, is far more democratic than French Republicanism. It may even be held to be the *reductio ad absurdum* of democracy. Perhaps the real danger with which the world

is confronted in periods of exceptional excitability, when methods of propaganda have been multiplied a thousandfold and violence is not excluded from political ideology, is the facility with which masses of ignorant men and women can be stirred to passionate endorsement of false doctrines.

It has for some time been apparent to me that Parliamentaryism as practised in France is doomed unless it can, without long delay, put its house in order. In the *Temps*, the semi-official organ of the Republic, Professor Joseph Barthélemy, the eminent and orthodox jurist, wrote the other day: "The Parliamentarians have so acted that Parliamentaryism can no longer function except in the absence of Parliament". Naturally the Royalist newspaper *L'Action Française*, seized on this confession gleefully—though it should be made clear that while there is a constantly growing sentiment in France against Parliament, there is a total absence of any positive enthusiasm for Monarchy, constitutional or otherwise, and there is no love for its own sake of what it has become the fashion to call Fascism. No sooner did Parliament meet after five months' vacation, during which the country was relatively calm, than there was agitation and the beginning of financial panic; and milliards of francs' worth of gold—at once the heaviest and the most volatile of metals—flowed from the *Banque de France*.

It will be remembered that after the riots of February 6th, 1934, caused by the public consciousness of official and semi-official incompetence, complaisance, and complicity in the scandalous Stavisky swindles, there was a moment when the fate of the regime trembled in the balance. Gaston Doumergue, the venerable ex-President, saved the situation by accepting the Premiership. The forces of the Left, which were particularly, though by no means exclusively, implicated, permitted him to carry on, as they had allowed Raymond Poincaré to carry on in other circumstances, despite the fact that they possessed a Parliamentary majority. The financial difficulties were temporarily overcome, but M. Doumergue was not energetic enough either to insist on the speedy execution of justice or to put through essential reforms. After a convenient lapse of time he was dismissed, and Pierre-Etienne Flandin replaced him. André Tardieu, emphatically asserting that he would never again accept



office without power in present conditions, declined to serve in the Flandin Cabinet, and, like Achilles, has since sulked in his tent. Or, perhaps, foreseeing the inevitability of drastic changes, he prefers to remain aloof from politics, and, as the French say, to *refaire une virginité*—to qualify, as it were, as the man of tomorrow. The reforms were postponed, and the Flandin Cabinet came to grief on the recurrent problem of finance. The search for a Prime Minister was arduous. Nobody was anxious to assume responsibilities which he could not fulfil, and it appeared that, as in 1926, there would be a succession of short-lived Ministries.

Finally, against his will, Pierre Laval was persuaded to take the direction of affairs. The Chamber, alarmed at the public reactions and the possibility of the fall of the franc, gave him power to govern by decree-laws. His position was unenviable. As Foreign Minister in the gravest international crisis since the war, he was compelled to pass much of his time at Geneva, while preparing or authorizing hundreds of decrees which, though immediately applicable, were, illogically enough, subject to the retrospective approval of Parliament. His position was unenviable, but it would have been impossible had Parliament not gone into recess, thus making him a provisional dictator. As soon as the Chamber reassembled at the end of November the troubles began again. He was attacked on every hand. The leader of the Socialist Party, Léon Blum, cried: "Had you been able to do so you would have promulgated the budget of 1936 by decree-law, and would not have convoked the Chambers in extraordinary session". The reproach, in a Parliament jealous of its prerogatives, might be expected to have a decisive effect. But M. Laval met it without flinching. "Yes", he quietly replied, "I should have done so".

Those of us who for many years have followed the French Parliamentary debates know that a few years ago such a confession would immediately have brought down the daring Prime Minister. Jean Jaurès, before the War, would have made the most of the admission. He would have declared that his party had nothing more to say to a Minister who could thus insult the Deputies, and he would have retired indignantly, followed by the whole opposition. But times have changed. The Deputies meekly

submitted to this deadly criticism, and accorded him a substantial majority. He is by no means the first, nor doubtless will he be the last, Minister to tell the Chamber that they are an obstacle to good government. But the retort will be remembered, and M. Laval, essentially a man of the Left will, like Aristide Briand, also a man of the Left, who proclaimed in 1909, on the occasion of the railwaymen's strike, that he was ready to resort to illegality if necessary in the interest of the country, be suspect for some time to come in the eyes of good Republicans and Parliamentarians.

Equally significant, in a subsequent debate, were the explanations of the democratic Deputy Thellier. He would vote for the Government merely to show that every contact of the Parliament and the Government did not automatically mean the overthrow of the Government. "We are", he said, "going towards the tenth Ministry of the present Parliament, in contrast with the unity of British, German, Russian, and Italian politics. If a majority of the Front Populaire overthrows M. Laval, who can say that a Cabinet of the Front Populaire will take office? Has not M. Herriot announced that he will not be the successor of the Government to which he belongs? And if the Front Populaire cannot, or will not, take power, why run the risk of unstable Cabinets when the regime and the money of the country are menaced? Let us not put the country in a state of legitimate defence against Parliament".

It would not be easy to put the opposition of the country and the Parliament in fewer words. Charles Maurras has, however, drawn the distinction between the *pays légal* and the *pays réel*—the legal representatives of the country and the country itself. Is it, then, true that Parliament and People are divorced from each other? Is it true that the People may conceivably find itself in a state of "legitimate defence" against its Parliament? That is a hard saying which requires exposition. For, after all, it is the People which elects its Parliament, and there is every reason to believe that at the elections, whether in their due season next May, or, by exception, as now appears possible, somewhat earlier, the People will choose very much the same sort of Parliament, possibly even more to the Left.

That is because, while political passions always appear to



be aroused by unrealities—empty phrases, solemn pretences, hollow traditions—the professional politician becomes the representative of local interests and appetites. They crystallize around him. He is the dispenser, actual or potential, of favours. The administrative system of removable prefects with political ties is designed to help the predominant groups. A well-known French Minister, the late Louis Loucheur, once said to me with the permissible exaggeration of epigram, that every Ministerial crisis is, at bottom, a question of prefects. There is an astonishingly high percentage of the population in some degree dependent on the State—a percentage much greater than the figures which could be quoted suggest. The political affiliations run through all ranks and affect all the services. As for the “mystic” which animates this body of State dependents, and which works upon the masses, it is the worship of a nebulous thing called the Left. Precisely what Left means it would be impossible to define; but all except the frankest of reactionaries describe themselves as of the Left. “There are no enemies on the left”, has become a sound political motto; so that the Radical who is most bourgeois and conservative at heart is afraid of putting himself in opposition to the most revolutionary Communist. That is what has made possible the astonishing spectacle of a political union of Radicals, Socialists, and Communists. It would seem to be an unnatural alliance—and so, indeed, it is. But the Radicals, who have long been the principal party in the Republic, controlling all the positions that matter in the Government, find themselves torn by intrigues and left without adequate leadership. They are willing enough to work with the Moderates in office, since it is thus that they can retain office for themselves; but it is the help of the Socialists that they chiefly seek in the constituencies and in the electoral colleges, and such help is given them rather disdainfully on condition that they serve Socialist ends. The Socialists in their turn, the second largest party in the Republic, and likely to become the most important party, do not wish to be thought less advanced than the Communists, to whom they extend their hand on condition that the Communists support them. In recent years this strange coalition has been consolidated. It called itself first the Common Front, and is now known as the Popular Front.

There are curious anomalies. Radical Ministers, completely bourgeois in temperament, sit in every Cabinet, and a section of the Radicals usually votes to save the Government. But another section of the Radicals votes with the Socialists and Communists to bring the Government down. In the party congresses, the most vital question always seems to be whether the Government, in which sit the leaders of the Radical party, shall be overthrown or reprieved.

The Prime Minister, then, whoever he may be, is looked upon as Public Enemy No. I. He is there on sufferance, because it is deemed inexpedient to replace him at the moment. But he is always fighting for his life. Even the divided Moderate groups are liable to vote against him at any time, for among the Moderate groups there is always a number of group leaders who are anxious to enjoy the brief prestige of being Public Enemy No. I. Generally speaking, the forces of the Left can overwhelm him whenever they please ; and, of course, the Radical Ministers can bring him down by resigning themselves. For the most part they are content, except during the electoral period, before and after, to leave nominal responsibility to a Moderate, for they are aware that public confidence is shaken and public opinion may turn against the Left if it ostensibly governs. The situation of the Prime Minister is therefore exceedingly precarious. He has rarely, if ever, a homogeneous majority on which he can rely, and he has perpetually to walk a tight-rope, balancing himself from Right to Left. His life, short as it may be, is made unbearable by the constant attacks in the Chamber and by the unceasing cross-examination of the Parliamentary Commissions before which he must appear. It is almost a miracle that, harassed as they are, Ministers can find time to fulfil their departmental duties. They cannot develop a policy ; they cannot hope to reap the fruits of the seeds they have sown. In the criss-cross of shifting combinations of numerous groups, in the welter of contending ambitions, governmental stability cannot be expected. The problem is to continue to exist from day to day. In these circumstances it is surprising that government is as good and as continuous as it is in France.

The Front Populaire is apparently not eager to seize office immediately. France is passing through troublous days ; the



public finances are menaced, as they have been for years ; and if there is to be a crash it is better that the blame should fall on the Moderates. There must therefore be no precipitation. It is to be observed that the Communists took the initiative of forming the Front Populaire : they are the spearhead of the movement. But the Socialists are, in theory, scarcely to be distinguished from the Communists. In a document published by the *Populaire* which purported to be the basis of the understanding of Communists and Socialists, it is affirmed that there is no veritable difference between Collectivism and Communism. " The unique party of the proletariat, while pursuing the realization of immediate reforms demanded by the working classes, is not a party of reform, but a party of class-war and of revolution. Even when it utilizes for the benefit of the workers the secondary conflicts of the possessing classes, or when it combines its action with that of a political party for the defence of the rights and interests of the proletariat, it remains always a party of opposition, fundamental and irreducible, against the whole of the bourgeoisie and of the State, which is the instrument of that class ". It is laid down that the conquest of power must be achieved against the bourgeoisie, and then the proletarian State will exercise a working-class dictatorship as long as is necessary.

It is regarded as good taste to minimize the practical consequences of this programme, and the Radicals, concerned with their electoral interests, choose to remain ignorant of the operation which they are facilitating. Doubtless the leaders of the Radical party vaguely suppose that it is not necessary to treat these declarations seriously ; they believe that at the proper moment they can detach themselves from their auxiliaries of the Left and join up with the Right. Whether one's sympathies are with this offensive or not, it is impossible to understand the French political situation without clearly realizing that it is dominated by the conjunction of Radicals, Socialists, and Communists.

Now the tactics of the Left parties consist in accusing their opponents of not being true Republicans. When their opponents organize they are dubbed " Fascists ". The word has become a simple term of abuse. It does not in the least matter whether the organizations have a platform which resembles the Fascist

platform. It does not in the least matter whether, for example, they aim at the institution of a dictatorship. It is taken as axiomatic that the Left can organize to its heart's content, and and that it can boldly aim at a dictatorship of the Left ; but organization to resist the Left is condemned as illegitimate. Personally, I confess that I do not know whether the so-called Fascist leagues will establish a dictatorship if they have the opportunity. It is probable that they will, for if there is a clash circumstances will doubtless oblige them to do so. But I believe it is not the purpose of these leagues to establish a dictatorship. Their purpose is purely defensive. They are composed of ex-service men and ordinary citizens who consider that the triumph of the Front Populaire will be a calamity. They are, in a positive sense, hardly political. Yet the result of their triumphant reaction to the Front Populaire might, roughly speaking, be the same as though they were, in fact, Fascist.

It is against the Croix de Feu, which is growing rapidly and is said to have nearly a million adherents (the figures are doubtless inflated), and against its chief, Colonel de la Rocque, that the anger of the Front Populaire is mainly turned. When the Left proposed to overturn the Laval Ministry, it demanded the dissolution of the leagues, by which is principally intended the Croix de Feu. Now that organization can be, and is, criticized on many grounds. It certainly should not be considered necessary for citizens to band themselves together in this way for the preservation of liberties which they supposed to be threatened. They are usurping the functions of government. Moreover, even though it be shown to be necessary to effect such a counter-organization, the attitude of Colonel de la Rocque has unquestionably been enigmatic. The Royalists bluntly accuse him of holding back these civic energies, of canalizing them innocuously. That would seem to prove that he has no positive plan, but is dubiously negative. Lately, rather than provoke unfortunate collisions, he has assembled his troops on private property. It was on the occasion of one of these assemblies at Limoges that there was, nevertheless, an attack which resulted in casualties. Thereupon the Left cried louder than ever for the disbanding of the Croix de Feu, and put the Laval Ministry in a dilemma. It is difficult to say that citizens shall not meet together unless



it is evident that they have subversive designs. Besides, what government can affirm that it may not hereafter have need of the leagues which proclaim their desire for order in a combat against other leagues of the Left which may create disorder? In the interpellation in the Chamber, the Communist Deputy Ramette elaborated the thesis that the Croix de Feu was in a permanent state of mobilization, and that the *émeute* of February 6th, 1934, was premeditated. He therefore denounced the Croix de Feu, the Jeunesses Patriotes, and other groups as irregular armed forces, and asserted that the country was faced with the prospect of civil war.

In an interview Colonel de la Rocque defends himself against the charge of being anti-Parliamentarian. "We are in revolt against the degeneracy of Parliamentarism, but we wish to see a healthy Parliamentarism, with a real separation of powers, with clearly defined functions, with rules which will guarantee it against temptations, and rid it of the prevalence of recommendations by which Deputies and Senators cheapen their authority and become the greatest corrupters of the public service. Our movement stands outside political divergencies, opposition of class, differences of origin—it seeks only to unite those who consecrate themselves to the love of their country." Were they to indulge in violence, he said, they would become agitators, would appear to be place-seekers, and would throw the country into the arms of the Marxists. They would avoid that blunder, and would wait for the Marxists to take action. Then the Croix de Feu would act against them and would, when they were routed, rejuvenate French institutions.

It may be so; but it is impossible to blind oneself to the danger which must arise when two sides, both of them ready to abandon legality, confront each other. The success of either would be perilous. Parliamentarism would suffer and perhaps be destroyed. Yet if things drift on as they are, Parliamentarism would totter, for it is increasingly discredited in France. In the meantime, a grave political crisis would be calculated to produce a flight from the franc. Technically, the franc is strong, and were there a period of tranquillity it could be stabilized until such time as an international agreement for the alignment of currencies could be reached. The difficulties are budgetary and Treasury

difficulties caused by the recurrent political perturbations and the temptation to indulge in collective bribery for electoral advantages.

It should be remembered that the franc has already lost four-fifths of its value, whereas the pound and the dollar have lost only two-fifths. Logically, therefore, it should be unnecessary to amputate the franc still further. But despite repeated efforts, cuts in expenditure, attempts at deflation, there remains a deficit on revenue estimates. Time after time we are told that the budget is balanced on paper, but time after time the balance is upset. Treasury funds are perpetually sinking to a low ebb, trade is falling off. There is a general decline. It is obvious that, apart from the external causes, recovery is impeded by the political uncertainty, and it is equally obvious that the economic difficulties increase the political uncertainty. It is not surprising that men like Paul Reynaud, who advocate further devaluation as a stimulant to commerce, are listened to with greater interest every month. In spite of the drastic depreciation of the franc, the subsequent depreciation of the pound, it is claimed, caused the franc to be over-valued. The paradox is easily explained. Although the twenty-sou franc of other days, and the four-sou franc of today, bear the same name, they are in reality two entirely different pieces of money. Good observers are inclined to think that the new piece of money, masquerading as the franc, must eventually be devalued to the extent of fifteen to twenty-five per cent. The question is, in what conditions will the operation be performed? If it is done calmly there is a chance of French recuperation. But if there are political crises and conflicts on the extra-Parliamentary plane the consequences can only be disastrous.

The problems of the French Republic are thus increasing instead of diminishing in acuteness, and the regime itself is involved. The Chamber is perched on a volcano that may become active at any moment. Yet if Parliamentarians are wise, it is perhaps not too late to save the situation. Drastic reforms are urgently needed; Parliamentarism in France cannot afford to lose the last opportunities of vindicating itself.



## BRITISH INTERESTS AND ITALIAN AMBITIONS

BY MAJOR LAWRENCE ATHILL

THE illuminating article by "Pertinax" which appeared in the December issue of *The FORTNIGHTLY* goes far towards answering the poet's prayer "to see ourselves as others see us", for in it that shrewd and at no time over-flattering commentator gives us a very clear picture of English policy as seen through French eyes in connection with Geneva and the Abyssinian imbroglio. Once more, it would seem, we have been bewildering our neighbours by the exercise of our amazing faculty of self-deception.

France, says "Pertinax", has been shocked and horrified by the persistence with which Sir Samuel Hoare claims for our policy at Geneva a complete disinterestedness. That any nation should be ready to sacrifice an old friendship and upset a carefully conceived diplomatic combination purely in defence of a quixotic ideal was mad and bad enough; that France should be dragged at the cart-tail of British quixotism was to most Frenchmen a fantastic and distressing notion. But when, to use his own words, which may perhaps contain an element of exaggeration, Great Britain "put the whole world in presence of the accomplished fact of a huge naval mobilization", it became obvious that a vital British interest was at stake, and the affair assumed a different complexion in the eyes of our loyal friends in France. Why, then, asks "Pertinax" by implication, make such a parade of disinterestedness? Let us see to what extent the parade is justified.

There is, I think, one factor which our continental critics are inclined to overlook. It is the strength of the Englishman's sympathy for the underdog, which is in no way connected with self-interest or political reasoning. The idea of bombing aeroplanes, poison gas, and all the most modern and terrible engines of destruction being used against a people which, whatever its shortcomings may be, is at least as brave and patriotic

as it is inadequately equipped for resistance, stirs him to keen indignation. It is perfectly certain that British policy, in so far as it is based on these sentiments, is absolutely disinterested.

No one, however, will claim that the inspiration of our policy was drawn from this source alone or, in the first instance, to any very large extent. But quite definitely it was framed in clear defence of the principle of collective security, and the vital interest of Great Britain in this principle is so self-evident that no pronouncement by Sir Samuel Hoare or any other British statesman could intelligently be construed to disavow it. To the smaller states the principle of collective security appeals as a guarantee of their very existence. To the British voter it holds out a promise of reduced expenditure on home defence and on the protection of long and vulnerable lines of communication. With this small distinction the interest is a common one, and therefore, if Sir Samuel Hoare's repeated assertion of our disinterestedness calls for any modification to meet the cavilling of hair-splitters, it is both true and sufficient to say that the interest which inspired and still inspires British policy is one which is shared by every member-nation of the League.

So far, so good. But history reveals a surprising number of instances in which the policy of Great Britain, avowedly based upon the most high-souled and altruistic motives, has achieved results of preponderating if not exclusive benefit to herself. It is naturally beyond the power of our critics to believe that the motives were genuine or that the benefits were fortuitous or unforeseen. Hence the international reputation for hypocrisy and finesse for which, even if undeserved, we have been compensated by the grudging admiration of our neighbours and in some cases by material gain. Are there in the present complex situation features which, when unveiled by time, will prove our policy to have been consciously or unconsciously designed to further or protect interests, territorial, commercial, or strategic, which are exclusively our own?

In one sense the answer is an emphatic negative. We covet none of Italy's declared objectives. Contrary to Signor Gayda's allegations, we have no territorial ambitions in Ethiopia. What we do want there is an orderly government of the provinces which march with British Somaliland, Kenya, and the Sudan.



We want the waters of Lake Tsana brought under control for the benefit of the Sudan and Egypt. We, in common with the Emperor of Ethiopia and the whole civilized world, want to see an end put to the barbarous practice of slavery. And we should doubtless be glad to increase the volume of our trade in a region where it is almost negligible today.

The annexation of Ethiopia by Italy would probably advance the first three of these objects, although the extirpation of slavery which took us thirty years to complete in the Sudan is not likely to be effected in a very much shorter time even by the Duce. The lion's share of increased trade would justly go to Italy, but the little that we are now doing would certainly not be lessened and might quite probably be increased. Therefore, as far as these direct interests are concerned, the arguments favour giving Italy a free hand rather than the reverse. But it is necessary to look into the future beyond the Duce's immediate and avowed objectives, and to visualise the position after these may have been attained.

To do this we must first jump one large and very blind fence, for we must assume that Italy, even with the blessing of the League, can realize her African ambitions without coming a complete financial cropper. That the League, in trying to stop the war, is being cruel only to be kind is also a possibility, but one which no Italian would admit even if an inkling of it had penetrated some of the more cautious and less impassioned minds. That, however, is by the way, and we will assume that she has cleared the obstacle successfully.

This, then, is the picture which we must visualize: Italy triumphant over the forces not only of Ethiopia, but of the League as well; solvent and enthroned upon the Ethiopian plateau which she has peopled with tens or even hundreds of thousands of her peasantry; her armies strengthened by the potential recruitment of half a million warlike Africans; and her memories of ancient and Imperial Rome no less vivid and compelling than on the day when she first set out upon her Ethiopian adventure. It is a picture which may well dazzle the eyes of a dictator. It is one on which we, too, may well look long and thoughtfully.

The neutrality of the Suez Canal is pledged by international convention. In the letter at least we have always honoured that

pledge, for even during the Great War any ship which could enter the Canal zone was in theory safe from molestation as long as it remained within it. But our faith in it has never taken us to the length of removing our troops from a commanding position within reach of the canal banks. Our interests in that strip of water are too vital.

Italy, on the other hand, has had little interest in the control of the Canal. Her possessions East and South of Suez have contributed something perhaps to her sense of colonial dignity, but little towards her essential needs. With the acquisition of Ethiopia all that is changed. A teeming colonial population of her own race will—if our picture come true—be connected with or separated from the land of their origin by that strip of water. Minerals, cereals, cotton, oil—all the raw materials on which she will rely for economic independence—must pass along it. Her need and her right to guard its banks will in her eyes be as imperative as our own.

Egypt is, of course, the key to the Canal. It is not only a key, but in itself a very desirable possession or zone of influence for any Power with Mediterranean ambitions, such as Italy quite openly proclaims. It and the Sudan are important producers of cotton, which Italy most urgently requires. It offers a valuable market for Italy's exports, a market at all times open to her but one of which the value would be enormously enhanced by any preferential arrangement based either on ownership or economic alliance.

The Italian population in Egypt is already considerable. It is not on the whole a wealthy or individually influential one, but racially it is more penetrative than are the foreign elements of Nordic stock. The Italian, especially the poor Italian, adapts himself readily to Egyptian conditions, and is not divided from the indigenous population by any very marked line of cleavage between their respective tasks, modes of living or general outlook. The Egyptian climate is not uncongenial to him. All these are valuable assets for a policy of infiltration, and they are backed up by an organization for propaganda which is startling in its scope and efficiency. Such an organization is costly, and the fact that it is maintained proves, if proof be needed, that quite apart from the question of the Canal, Italy's interest in the future foreign



relationships of Egypt is a very active one. Without wishing to emulate Signor Gayda and to see ghosts where no ghosts are, it is hard to read of the present violent anti-British agitation in Egypt among a population naturally pro-Ethiopian in sympathy without wondering whether that agitation was of purely indigenous origin.

Again, there is the strategic point of view. It must be remembered that, in our picture, the restraining influence of the League has approached vanishing point, and that strategic considerations, which the idealist may have helped, in the presence of a strong League, to relegate to comparative unimportance, have regained or increased their ominous urgency. Italy, whose leader proclaims her to be not only a military, but a militaristic nation, is very much alive to them. A glance at the map shows what the mastery of Egypt or a predominating influence there has to offer her. It would be no less than the control of more than half the Northern Coast of Africa, from the Western boundary of Libya to the frontier of Palestine, and of over two-thirds of the Western littoral of the Red Sea. Nor probably would she consider it beyond her power in the event of war to turn that two-thirds into the whole, with all the man power, Italian and native, of her new colony to help her do it, and with the railway line from Gedaref to Port Sudan and Suakim running conveniently close to her Eritrean frontier.

It is a startling project—no less than the annexation of a solid block comprising the whole North-Eastern corner of the African continent—but is it too startling for the Duce, and be it remembered, the Duce triumphant and scornful of restraint?

And now for the means. If, in our picture, the acquisition of all or part of Abyssinia has created a new need—the safeguarding of the Suez Canal for Italian communication with her East African empire—and if it has fostered a wider ambition, what means other than increased man-power and material resources has it contributed towards the fulfilment of that need and ambition? The answer to that question hangs upon the control of Lake Tsana.

The idea that the owner of the lake can hold a pistol at the head of Egypt and can at will withhold her water supply by the turning of a tap is as old as it is fallacious. The catchment area of the lake receives each year a rainfall of immense volume,

the only outlet for which is down the gorge of the Blue Nile to the Sudan and thence to Egypt. I believe that no engineer will seriously contend that the flow of this water can be diverted in any other direction. But whereas the season of this flow is now dictated solely by nature, and its volume is such that the barrages in Egypt and the Sudan are inadequate to prevent a large portion of it going to waste, a barrage at the exit of the Nile from the lake would enable a very great quantity to be conserved and released at the most beneficial moments. The power to allow or to deny the construction of this barrage and to control its operation if constructed lies in the hands of the owner of the lake.

With the lake in Abyssinian hands nothing has been done, though much has been planned and talked of. The reason for this procrastination has been no animosity against Egypt, but purely the ingrained conservatism of the Abyssinian and his not unwarranted suspicion of all foreign projects. Meanwhile Egypt has not died of thirst. She had indeed flourished exceedingly, and successive irrigation works have added year by year to the acreage of what was once desert sand, but now, thanks to the rich silt carried and distributed by the waters of the Nile, is fertile and fruitful soil. The limits of usefulness of these irrigation works has almost been reached, and Egypt, still a thirsty land, turns eyes of increasing longing towards the uncontrolled waters of Lake Tsana.

Imagine Egypt, then, attacked from the North by a subtle and intensive propaganda, conscious in the South not of a threat, but of a potential benefit of great value which may be granted or withheld at the discretion of the self-same propagandist, a propagandist whose prestige, if the Abyssinian venture be crowned with success, will stand higher than ever it has since the days of Imperial Rome. Remember that past benefits are soon forgotten, and that Egypt's absorbing interests are the fertility of her soil and the intricacies of her own internal politics. And decide for yourself what means, short of actual war, would be left to Great Britain with which to oppose the supplanting of British interests in Egypt by Italian interests, and of British custody of the Canal by a custody controlled in fact if not in form by the power of Rome.



At the moment when these words are being written policies would seem to be once more in the melting pot. The proposed terms of settlement, do not, include the cession of the Tsana region to Italy. But whatever the event prove to be, it is as well to envisage their results not only in terms of an escape from present embarrassment, but as possibly affecting in the future the whole structure of international politics and in particular the essential and exclusive interests of our own Empire.

Before dismissing the subject there is one aspect, more psychological than material, which cannot be ignored. It is common ground that, whatever the result of Italy's action may be, the effect upon the coloured races must be bad. On the one hand, if she fails either through military weakness or through the intervention of the League, her failure will lessen the respect of the more ignorant African and Asiatic peoples for the armed power of the European. If, on the other hand, she succeeds, by an aggression which has been condemned as unjust by her peers in Europe and to a far greater extent by the watching millions in Africa and Asia, in annexing part or all of Abyssinia, the claim of the white man, and especially of our nation, to stand for justice will be utterly demolished in the eyes of the coloured peoples.

It is a choice of evils. Mr. Bernard Shaw, a very clever man, is reported to have said that this is a war of white *versus* black, and that we must come in on the side of the white. Those who agree with him would seem to rank a reputation for strength as mightier than one for justice. Others, and I believe I am right in naming General Smuts among them, consider that nothing can weaken the hold of the white man over the African and the Asiatic more than the loss of his reputation for justice. Whichever view is the right one, one thing is sure. We, more than any nation in the world, are affected by the attitude of the coloured races. Therefore, although our policy at Geneva may rest on many grounds which have rightly been declared to be entirely disinterested, it would be both wrong and hypocritical to ignore other grounds in which we are intensely interested and of which we have no reason to be ashamed.

## THE DISTRUST OF GERMANY

BY DR. RUDOLF KIRCHER

*[As the doubts felt about a re-armed Germany have been an important factor in the Abyssinian crisis, we have asked Dr. Kircher, who is editor of the "Frankfurter Zeitung," for a frank statement on this subject.]*

**D**ISTRUST of Germany is a feeling not unfamiliar to British politicians, as I had occasion to observe myself during a recent visit to London. It seems to be nourished by French comments on the international situation, as readers of the FORTNIGHTLY may have realized from the article by "Pertinax" in the last issue of this REVIEW. Unfortunately such a feeling is apt to develop into an obsession if not checked in time. There is small chance of any sound European policy as long as distrust of Germany is the governing outlook. The past has proved it.

No doubt every single English politician is inclined to ask, "What will Germany do when she has become strong again?" Is she aiming at war? Or is she out for peace? And what are her national demands? The reason why these questions are asked is distrust, or at least an alarming degree of uncertainty, enhanced by the fact that the German nation is developing an astounding amount of energy in various ways. But may I not remind English readers that practically the same questions were asked when Germany was disarmed as no modern nation amid heavily armed neighbours has ever been disarmed before? It would seem that the distrust exists whether Germany be weak or strong, whether she be governed by parliamentary government or by a National socialist regime, whether the outside world approves of her *Weltanschauung* or not.

If this be so, the reason of the distrust of Germany must come from a particular source; it cannot be altogether dependent upon what is called "Hitlerism" or the National Socialist system. Indeed, I admit there is a particular reason. I shall try to



explain it presently. But first let us see what are the complaints made against Germany in her new National Socialist guise from the point of view of foreign politics.

The Hitler Government is re-arming Germany. This, of course, is being done very effectively. It is being done on the basis of compulsory military service, which as a matter of fact is very popular with the German people, not least because of its educational value. It cannot be difficult for an English student of politics to appreciate that the educational methods and aims of the post-war German army are of an unapproachably high standard of *morale* and discipline. The German soldier is taught that he has to be a brave, clean, and God-fearing fellow. But he is not taught that he should become an Imperialist or a jingo. From a technical point of view it is true that the new German Army will be provided with the best possible means of defence. The German Army, therefore, will be a very good and a very strong army. Not a single German could have dreamt of such a re-arming and strengthening of Germany because none of us had expected our partners to a military convention, such as was considered and practically agreed upon between England, Italy, and Germany early in 1935, would fail to conclude a treaty of armaments at all. The well-thought-out convention, negotiated under the auspices of the League of Nations, provided Europe with a solution far more favourable to the heavily armed nations, and far more to the disadvantage of Germany, than the present position. The French Government, as is well known, rejected that convention because France preferred some sort of alliance with the Soviet Union to even a moderate disarmament. This clearly was not Germany's fault.

Re-arming being unavoidable and being accepted as such, has the Hitler Government *done* anything that was out of order or offensive to other nations? Certainly not. Just the reverse is true. The Führer of the Reich, it is quite natural, did everything to strengthen the self-respect and self-confidence of the German nation. He relieved the German people from that inferiority complex which was the consequence of the lost war and the moral breakdown that followed. But in doing so he not only avoided every kind of imperialist or chauvinist speech and thought, but he told the German nation that war is a ghastly thing, as he

had experienced himself during those horrible years in the trenches. He told them over and over again that there is only one single purpose : an honourable peace. He wants Germany to be well armed because he wants her to be safe and able to insist on her right of equality with all other nations and in all possible respects.

Can he be blamed for that ? Is he wrong in thinking that only a strong Germany will guarantee a fair deal ? Of course, nobody could expect Germany to agree to the theory, supported even in England, that peace would be best assured with Germany helpless and her neighbours armed to the teeth. We have seen that in such conditions Germany was not able to make any move in the international field. A solution so one-sided naturally could not be lasting. From the day of Versailles there was for us Germans this predominant problem : how can Germany get back to the level of the victor states ? Either they had to come down to our level or we had to work ourselves up slowly to theirs. The decision as to which of these two solutions was to be aimed at rested not with the vanquished in the Great War, but with the victors. It was manifest that the first decade after the Great War could only be a transitory stage. In England this problem had been quite clearly set forth, and its people were disposed, in the prudent fashion which is a part of their political traditions, to steer a middle course. There was consequently a readiness to agree to a gradual strengthening of Germany, and, on the other hand, a readiness to do something in the field of disarmament. But, as I said before, the French policy made this impossible. Then, on April 17th, 1935, M. Barthou uttered his definite " No " !

Be that as it may, Adolf Hitler's speeches and actions in the field of foreign policy appealed to the German mind, and his words rang true and honest to German ears. The nation watched the line of his actions in the foreign field very closely and found it entirely in harmony with his speeches. So it happened that Adolf Hitler received the approval of the whole nation so far as his foreign policy is concerned. Naturally the feelings of the German people at the present stage of their national life are varied. The new, and in many respects not anticipated, development has provoked an unprecedented volume of enthusiasm on



the one side, while in other quarters tears and dismay have accompanied the triumphal march of National Socialism. But in one point the nation to a man is united ; that is on the foreign policy of the Führer of the Reich. This is so for two reasons : first, because it promises to help Germany to a position of power in Europe corresponding to her true national strength, and then because we are convinced that Herr Hitler desires peace not only for this resurgence, but because he loves peace for the sake of the life of his people.

It is frequently said in England that a regime like the Fascist or National Socialist is bound to find itself confronted sooner or later with the necessity of war as the only way out of a hopeless situation. It is even said that war in itself is desirable in such a country. To prove this in the German case people point to the Italian example. But this is a grave mistake. Italian Fascism and German National Socialism naturally resemble each other in many respects, but they also differ fundamentally ; for Adolf Hitler is not Mussolini and the Germans are not Italians.

With an imperialist policy one could certainly arouse enthusiasm in Germany among a crowd of small bourgeois, just as it was possible to do so in pre-war time. But quite certainly there is no enthusiasm for it among the great working mass of the population. It is important to realize that the National Socialist regime by no means hovers in the air, but indeed is based to a great extent upon a democratic principle, namely, public feeling. The German people are interested in foreign policy and know something about it. Never would the opposition have been greater among the working masses had Adolf Hitler entertained imperialist aims which could not be reached by peaceful means but were bound to bring Germany into the same position as Italy finds herself in today. The absence of chauvinism and the lack of every desire to glorify the war spirit is very much appreciated amongst the masses of our people. There is an immense difference between readiness to bear arms and the bellicose spirit of conquest. National Socialism has a very marked ideology. Without it and without the idealism associated with it the National Socialist party would not have reached its dominant position. The ideology is largely formed by the

Führer's speeches. Thus his idea that war is a ghastly thing has become a part of the party ideology.

The foreign policy of the Hitler Government, however, was not confined to peaceful speeches. Look at the facts. Adolf Hitler started with a policy of friendly negotiations with Poland, leading to a treaty which was always dreamed of and never achieved during the period of Parliamentaryism and democracy. The Hitler Government added new pacts of arbitration and non-aggression to those already existing. They can be counted by the dozen. Adolf Hitler confirmed not only the Locarno Pact, with its very important and even one-sided concessions to France, but also to all the paragraphs of the Versailles Treaty which are not repugnant to the German right of equality. In his speech of May 21st he made important suggestions with regard to Germany's collaboration within a collective system, adding quite definite proposals on disarmament. In the same speech he agreed to the superiority of the British Navy and recognized the predominance of Great Britain as a world Power. A thing that would have been inconceivable before the Great War has now been carried out: an Anglo-German naval agreement that once and for all lays down and recognizes the numerical superiority of the British Navy. This naval agreement is designed to form the basis for Adolf Hitler's foreign policy. To agree to that would have been difficult without a real feeling of friendliness towards Great Britain on the part of the German people.

One thing, however, Adolf Hitler did not do: he did not stretch out his hands to the Soviets—nor have the Bolsheviks made any such gesture. Neither the friendly reception of the Soviet representatives at Geneva nor the pact or alliance which France has concluded with Russia have resulted in changing the views of National Socialism in respect of Bolshevism! The German attitude has not met with the approval of all our neighbours; it has even been misrepresented, and certainly misunderstood. The truth is that the deeply rooted enmity of National Socialism towards all things Communist has not been softened by the prospect of a military agreement between France and the Soviet Union. If this is not convincing to British readers I may be permitted to refer to the German attitude during the Abyssinian crisis. Those who expected and foretold all



kinds of selfish German action on this occasion have been sadly disappointed. Nothing of the kind has happened. The German attitude has met with approval even in high British quarters. Has it succeeded in dispelling the distrust I have spoken of? I am afraid nothing will dispel this distrust: certainly no signature, no pact, not even Germany's return, if this could be realized, to the League of Nations. Nothing, probably, will achieve it but the fact that month by month, year by year, Germany will disappoint those who distrust her, just as she disappoints them at the present moment. If people distrust Germany because they simply cannot help distrusting her or because the pretended German danger is an indispensable argument for their own policy, nothing will stop them but the experience that their malignant forecast is never realized.

But is this a wise attitude? Certainly not, because there is little time to be lost in re-establishing Europe on the basis of true peace and sound conditions. This brings me back to my point. The real reason why so many people distrust us is not the German attitude, nor the danger of German aims and German mentality, but the conditions created in Europe through the Peace Treaty. Some of them have been revised, others are unchanged. Some terms can be improved, other questions are of such an intricate nature that nobody can say what is to be done. The fact that political and economic conditions, particularly in Eastern Europe, are very unsound is the true source of unrest. It is not so much the fear that Germany will attack anyone that troubles Europe—how could she possibly do so with the slightest chance of success?—but the fear that “something” may happen by itself: the breakdown of some new but somewhat hastily created state or the desire of another to decide on its own future without consulting some “patron”. If Eastern Europe should prove to be unsafe it is unsafe because these parts of the world are badly constructed, or because they are “managed” by alien interests. But this is not Germany's fault. It would be asking too much to expect the German Government to guarantee the work of the peacemakers of Versailles in those cases where they blundered. Germany will not demolish it by force. But there is no reason why we should take part in formally perpetuating the *status quo* in the East. This attitude can certainly not be

identified with what is called a *Drang nach dem Osten*, which as a serious political idea in authoritative quarters does not exist.

When Sir Samuel Hoare made his very remarkable speech in Geneva indicating that Great Britain is aware of the necessity of providing the world with a suitable policy and instrument "for adjusting the natural play of international forces", and when he drew attention to the all-importance of the principle of "modification by peaceful means of international conditions whose continuance might endanger peace", he pointed in the right direction, because the application of the principle of Article 19 of the Covenant\* is the best way to diminish the distrust which is created not by the German attitude, but by the unsatisfactory conditions of Europe, both politically and economically. Sir Samuel mentioned the problem of raw materials and the deep anxiety of the "have-nots", not perhaps to become "haves", but to have an equal chance. In the light of the Foreign Secretary's speech the policy of the British Government might take on a different appearance for the German onlooker if these good words were followed by useful deeds.

The famous British "test case" does not appeal overmuch to the German mind, and this for two reasons. First of all because the idea of the League has suffered greatly from the German point of view owing to unfortunate experiences. The League of Nations is unpopular with the average German because of the policy emanating from Geneva. The second reason is that we think it is not so important for the League to fight the aggressor, however important that may be, as to fight the possible causes of war and fight them in time. In other words, our attitude necessarily is that of the "have-nots". The average German is not in sympathy with the Italian way of action in Abyssinia, but he is not unsympathetic towards the complaint of Mussolini that a wise and sound League would have prevented this unhappy struggle by "adjusting the natural play of forces" and granting Italy what may be her due by former obligations. Instead the League failed to do its duty before the Italians took the wrong step. Therefore the problem of reforming the League, its policy

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\* Article 19 provides for the reconsideration of treaties which have become inapplicable and the consideration of international conditions whose continuance might endanger the peace of the world.



and, in so far as this should be found necessary, its constitution is present in every German mind when the question of returning to the League is placed before him.

It is not much good wasting many words on the past, but as regards the future what Germany feels is that all who wish to preserve the League and to secure the adhesion of the Powers now standing aside will have to consider what has to be done to organize the life of the nations one with the other in such a fashion that they may associate themselves willingly and gladly in a community of nations ; and above all there should be no sudden explosions like the present one in Abyssinia.

Whoever thinks it desirable that Germany should take part again in a collective system will therefore have to ask himself what are the chances for the reform of the League and its politics. Will it really be possible to reform the League of Nations in such a way that it is no longer an instrument for the preservation of antiquated and dangerous conditions, but becomes instead an instrument for the shaping and development of our international life ? Growth and transformation are the laws of this life. With those who deem the terms of the League Covenant to be more important it will be impossible to agree, no matter what the real reason of their attitude may be. But should it be possible to make the principle of organic growth and development the outstanding principle of the League, then much would have been gained from the standpoint of those who want the League to fulfil the eminent tasks referred to by Sir Samuel Hoare in Geneva, and on other occasions, and also by the British Prime Minister.

As far as Germany is concerned, the principles laid down in Sir Samuel Hoare's speeches at Geneva and in the House of Commons are to a large extent in full agreement with the statement of the Führer of the Reich, when in May last he revealed the Thirteen Points of his programme. Why has this speech passed into oblivion outside Germany ? Not only because at that time all kinds of new pacts were in the minds of many diplomats, but primarily because the Abyssinian conflict forced all other diplomatic considerations into the background. Is it not time to recall those Thirteen Points ? Collective co-operation, and particularly disarmament,\* occupy such an important place

in them that they cannot be neglected when the question whether or not Germany can be trusted is asked. The German Government declared that it would be ready to take part in a collective system if the "law of eternal development" was taken into account and the possibility of treaty revision by peaceful means was admitted. By this was not meant, as the remainder of Herr Hitler's speech proved, that Germany would formulate an endless series of new demands, but the *emphasis* of the League of Nations should not be placed on the *status quo* as it has been hitherto. But in one point Hitler was quite definite: the principle of equal rights for all members of the League must be carried out to the full. Without the separation of the League of Nations statute from the Versailles Treaty and without the repudiation of those Articles of the Treaty which still discriminate against Germany, the German Government cannot and will not be a party to a collective system. If it is recalled that those Thirteen Points contained also the fundamental exposition of Germany's attitude towards pact proposals like the Air Pact and a programme of disarmament, and even the abolition of certain arms and practices, one cannot be surprised that German public opinion has not become more favourable to the League of Nations. For the German people have not overlooked the fact that these really very notable suggestions of their government found but a feeble echo in other countries. Must they not believe that the interest of other nations in the rigidity of the policy hitherto inspired behind the scenes at Geneva is greater than their interest in any serious reform, and with such reform the return of Germany to the League?

It is not enough to speak and write of the German danger and what is called the distrust of Germany. Has it never occurred to English readers that the Germans may be justified in reversing the question and asking whether the German nation has not sometimes grounds to distrust her neighbours, a distrust which is contributed to even by those speeches of British origin which refer to the Rhine as the real frontier between Germany and Great Britain? Sometimes we are inclined to ask ourselves what the policy and the aims of our partners in Europe really are; what good purpose is served, in these days of collective co-operation, by alliances and particularly military arrangements between one



nation and another. We never could understand how they could be in harmony with the principles of the League of Nations, unless the supporters of the League are merely paying lip-service to those principles. No wonder that the British lead in Geneva in September and the comment on it in the speeches of British statesmen made a deep impression on public opinion in Germany. But we do not yet see what it really amounts to.

Sir Samuel Hoare has indicated that the reform of the League's policy should not be confined to political questions, but should also include the economic conditions, the readjustment of which may be of still greater importance than those in the political field. All complaints of the "have-nots" and their desire for what is called expansion are largely connected with their economic requirements. When I was in Paris the other day a prominent Frenchman asked me what Germany will do if, when the limitation of armaments is achieved or the process of re-arming is complete, a large part of her population cannot live any longer on the income of war industries. The natural answer is that we hope that Germany in the meantime will be able to provide more work by developing her internal trade on the lines of self-sufficiency which have been forced upon us, or that the readjustment of international trade and the restoration of normal conditions of international finance and industry will enable her to augment her share in world trade.

In other words, in whatever direction we look we find that to dispel the distrust of Germany means to change some of the conditions in which Germany, and not Germany alone, has been forced to live. To get rid of the terrible feeling of distrust and to prevent its becoming a dangerous obsession means that action must be taken in the most efficacious way. This appeal in favour of an atmosphere free from distrust ought to penetrate the minds of all those who believe in Europe as an entity, and more particularly of all those who are determined that Europe should have a League.

## THE IMMORTAL MEMORY OF STILTON

BY OSBERT BURDETT

THE public spirited proposal of M. Theodore Rousseau that a statue should be erected to the maker of Stilton cheese has produced a controversy which, in the usual manner of public debates, is obscuring the real issue. Instead of concentrating on the great business how our English local cheeses are to be saved, correspondents rush in to argue the rival claims of the precise woman to whom the statue should be erected.

Let us consider this minor matter before returning to our French visitor's proposal, and the service that it would render to the genius of some Englishwoman and so, since this is the object of such monuments, to the preservation and renown of one of England's glories : her cheese.

According to tradition the cheese known as Stilton is attributed to the genius of Mrs. Paulet, of Wymondham, in Leicestershire, whose kinsman, Cooper Thornhill, sold it at the village of Stilton in Huntingdonshire, outside his coaching inn, the Bell. It was this lady, mentioned in my *Little Book of Cheese*, and put forward by Sir John Squire in support of M. Rousseau's proposal, who has generally been credited with the first making of Stilton. Her claim, however, was challenged by Miss Florence White, the founder of the English Folk Cookery Association, in favour of Mrs. Orton (*née* Elizabeth Scarbrow), housekeeper at Quenby Hall, who used the recipe of Lady Beaumont. Her product was first known as Quenby cheese ; and Mrs. Orton herself is believed to have been Mrs. Paulet's mother. Thus the balance of opinion lies between the mother and the daughter. A third name need not detain us, for this (Mrs. Pick) is also that of a " daughter of the original maker of Stilton " ; but obviously the name wanted is that by which the famous cheese first became a national possession. Now, with every respect for the plea for



accuracy advanced by Miss Florence White in *The Times*, it is clear that the honour of "Stilton" belongs to Mrs. Paulet, though Elizabeth Scarbrow (Mrs. Orton) is entitled to the honour of making "Quenby" cheese. The connection between Mrs. Paulet and the *village* of Stilton is the decisive fact; and, since our local cheeses, being humane products utterly superior to the soulless uniformity and inferior quality of factory stuffs, rejoice in variety, any difference there may be in Quenby, or any quality peculiar to the recipe of Lady Beaumont, should be separately signalized.

Some miserable people who confuse culture, a word of agricultural origin, with reading books, and instruction with education, may wonder why English Cheese should be honoured at all. They do not know that a few years ago the French raised a statue to Madame Harel at Camembert in honour of the cheese which has made its place of origin famous all over the world. They do not know that every English county once had its own cheese, and that, apart from Stilton altogether, Lancashire, Cheshire, Yorkshire, Leicestershire, Gloucestershire, Somerset, and Dorset, still do so. To them, in their hopeless ignorance, cheese is cheese, or rather is anything offered to them under a few different names and colours by factories cynically indifferent to the names they use. To what Mr. David Garnett has called "the supine ignorance of mankind", our great local cheeses are being sacrificed with stupid indifference.

The question, therefore, is how best to save them. A statue to the most famous and secure would focus public attention as well as honour the genius of an Englishwoman whom foreigners at any rate respect. Mr. T. S. Eliot made an alternative proposal: that a Society for the Preservation of Ancient Cheeses should be formed. To this M. Rousseau wittily retorted that cheeses were made to be eaten rather than preserved. Would, therefore, a statue or a society be more likely to arouse cheese-eaters to demand local cheeses, to distinguish between the real and the faked, and to recognize at sight, for example, Double Gloucester, Wensleydale, Lancashire, Leicester, and the rest? My own contribution was an illustrated *Little Book*, since the better appreciation of cheese is the first essential; and Miss Pauline Baumann's drawings are as valuable as any description. It would be a great

mistake if either of these proposals should be thought to conflict. To arouse public interest to the danger we all hope to avert is the main thing. A statue to focus the gaze of the many, and a society to combine our scattered enthusiasts into a body that the grocers would have to respect, would be equally welcome. The enemy is apathy and ignorance: the end is patriotic—a service to a famous English industry and to English culture at the same time.

Every man of liberal education knows that Wine and Scholarship support each other, and that English literature has a great tradition in which the praise of poetry and gastronomy have gone hand in hand. Thackeray, Peacock, Meredith, Galsworthy, George Saintsbury, have handed it on to our own day; and it is therefore natural that, in the present discussion, Sir John Squire, Mr. T. S. Eliot, and Mr. David Garnett, should be found on the same side in this great matter. All good things are connected. Help one, and you help all. Abandon one, all suffer. English cheese is a part of English civilization; and it is much wiser to protect it by showing our appreciation of it while we still have it, than, once we have allowed it to perish, to compile a record of a departed glory.

A famous cheese, like a great poem, is the proof of genius, and demands the same degree of appreciation in us all.

Since this was written, Mr. A. J. A. Symons has accepted the post of secretary to the fund for raising a statue at Stilton, and subscriptions may be sent to him at 6, Little Russell Street, W.C.1. Where the poets and men of letters have led the way, I hope that your readers will follow so that an immortal memory may at last be honoured, and our local English cheeses have the support that is their due.



## THE TOURIST AND TRADE

BY GEORGE SOLOVEYCHIK

THE difference between a noble stranger and an undesirable alien is a bank balance. But what is a tourist? "A person who makes a tour", says the *Oxford Dictionary*. That seems clear enough; but what is a tour? According to the same infallible authority it is a "journey through a country from place to place"; it is also a rambling excursion, a short journey, and a walk. Here, however, our difficulties begin again. Is it correct to describe with the same word a duke who takes his palatial yacht, full of guests, to distant seas and the modest hiker who goes walking with a rucksack? Is the American millionaire who comes over with a stableful of polo ponies to be classed in the same human species as the University student on vacation who travels steerage or actually works his passage over, and then spends a European holiday visiting museums, or more often sitting in cafés?

And why do people travel? Even if you exclude those who travel on business—and this means not only merchants, financiers, and industrialists, but also diplomats, foreign correspondents, and many others—there is a variety of reasons that actuate those who travel ostensibly for pleasure. Some do it because they like a change of atmosphere and find it a relaxation or a stimulus, as the case may be; others because it has been prescribed to them for reasons of health. Some travel because they are interested in seeing new places and meeting new people, because, in fact, they wish to widen their intellectual horizon. That does not necessarily mean travelling for purposes of study, which in itself is also a powerful stimulus. Many people travel because they can engage in certain particular pursuits only at definite places; big game shooting, or winter sports, or basking in the sun, for instance, and—at the other extreme—attending musical or other festivals, seeing exhibitions, visiting theatres,

concerts and museums, all of which is by no means synonymous with just sight-seeing. That, too, of course is a reason. Finally, some travel out of boredom, to get away from themselves or others, and many travel out of snobbishness. In most of the world's famous places you meet lots of people who come there not because they are really interested, but because they fancy it is the thing to do. Also because they meet a lot of folk they know, or hope to meet some they would like to know. A striking illustration of the latter consideration determining people's travels will be found in the fact that during the recent era of international conferences there were certain habitués who followed the world's ambulant statesmen all over Europe, merely to stay at the same hotel, or to be able to say they, too, had been there, not to mention the good luck of having actually exchanged a few words.

The interesting thing, however, that has been only recently recognized is that the peculiar state of mind or body that induces people to travel has resulted in creating an industry of considerable political, social, and economic importance, both from a national and international point of view. The industry is not new ; people have been travelling from time immemorial, although undoubtedly the habit has of late become increasingly popular and has affected classes of people in almost every country who would formerly not want to travel abroad. But what is new is the discovery of the national and international significance of tourism, and this discovery is not unlike that of M. Jourdain, who had been talking prose all the time without actually knowing it.

Individual trades, of course, have always known what foreign visitors mean to them. Hotel keepers and restaurateurs ; entertainment and pleasure merchants ; dressmakers, milliners, hosiers, furriers, jewellers, *et hoc genus omne* ; and last, but by no means least, railway and shipping companies and travelling agencies (one need only mention such world-famous institutions as Thomas Cook's or the Wagon-Lits Company) have been familiar with the requirements and idiosyncrasies of their ambulant and polyglot clients for many generations. But it does not seem to have occurred to anybody until quite recently that all these things are but the particles of one



large whole, and that the sum total of them represents something so intricate and valuable that it requires careful study and understanding. This in its turn led to the realization of the fact that tourism, as the French call it, can, and in the case of many countries does, represent a most important item of a nation's balance of payments, and that it is worth considerable exertion on the part of any government to take a hand in the building up, maintaining, or increasing of the value of this item which used to be included in the portmanteau expression "invisible exports".

There can be little doubt that in the past France was the greatest beneficiary of tourist traffic. She seemed to attract innumerable visitors from all over the world and took it more or less for granted. A few other countries were practically in the same position, although perhaps not quite to the same extent—Switzerland, Germany, Italy, and Austria, to mention the most conspicuous. Possibly a few more. But on the other hand, there were many countries where the tourist never went at all, and whose foreign visitors consisted almost entirely of people who had to go there on business. That, too, was more or less taken for granted. In this category of countries England is a striking example, and she must therefore be considered as a novice in the pursuit of a tourist clientele. There are good reasons for this, with which I shall deal later, but it is important to note that there is hardly a place, either in the Old World or in the New, that is not energetically appealing to would-be visitors, soliciting their custom. In every country certain official and semi-official bodies have been created for the purpose of conducting this tourist propaganda, and they have all been displaying great activity during the last few years. Special information offices of every conceivable nationality have been opened in all the capitals and big cities.

In this country most of the work is carried out by the "Travel and Industrial Development Association of Great Britain and Ireland". The Prince of Wales is its patron and Lord Derby its president; it has a most imposing executive Committee consisting of representatives of all the interests concerned, i.e., government and municipal authorities, hoteliers, caterers, merchants, industrialists, and of course, the press. This association describes itself as a "non-trading organization formed with

government support to carry out national publicity overseas, to increase the tourist traffic to the British Isles, to stimulate the demand for British goods and services, and the establishment of new industries. The semi-official status of the association, together with the combined strength of all its supporters, results in a national effort which no individual organization can achieve". The programme, it must be admitted, is fairly ambitious and comprehensive. For financial support the association has to rely on a small (and ridiculously inadequate !) government grant, and on contributions from railway and shipping companies, hotels, local authorities, and other interests.

Its activities have been very largely concentrated in sponsoring the "Come to Britain" movement, and in this connection it is only logical to ask why people did not come to Britain before, or what inducement there is for them to do so now. The question also arises of the value of those who do come, expressed in hard cash. Professor F. W. Ogilvie some months ago published a most interesting article in *The Times* in which he attempted to answer the latter question. It is worth while to quote him at some length. This is what he says :

In the country's official Balance of Payments, a jejune document, tourist traffic is lumped together with film royalties, the trade in second-hand ships, emigrants' and immigrants' remittances, diplomatic services and other items to form the omnibus group "Miscellaneous Receipts", which for 1934 was put at a net credit of £10,000,000—a *net* figure, without any indication of the gross figures of debit and credit—whether they were, say, £10,000,000 and £20,000,000 respectively or £95,000,000 and £105,000,000. Latterly, however, the Board of Trade has begun to analyze parts of this tourist traffic, so that with the help of the Home Office returns of aliens and certain other material it is now possible to make at least an approximate estimate of this lively and important element in the country's overseas trade. The simplest and most obvious part of the traffic is that of foreign visitors, who totalled 380,424 in 1933, and not far from 400,000 last year.

. . . The highest total previously was 451,659 in 1929.

According to Professor Ogilvie's estimate, these people spent in the United Kingdom £9,010,000 in 1933, and £9,841,000 in 1934. Thus foreigners have been spending nearly ten million pounds per annum in this country during the last two years, and the figures for 1935—the Jubilee Year—should be even more impressive. Yet no proper statistical record is kept. But as Professor Ogilvie quite rightly observes, the tourist traffic to these shores is not limited to foreigners only. British residents



overseas who visit this country undoubtedly come under the heading of tourists as well. England's receipt from these "Overseas-British tourists" are computed at £15,029,000 in 1933 and £15,732,000 in 1934. England's total income from foreign and British visitors therefore amounted to £24,039,000 in 1933, and £25,573,000 in 1934. In a letter commenting on Professor Ogilvie's article Lord Derby, in his capacity of President of the Travel Association, drew attention to the following facts: thanks to its tourist visitors, England has an invisible export worth £25,000,000 annually, "not far below the £28,000,000 which our woollen exports bring to us, or even the £31,000,000 received from our overseas sales of coal".

It might be argued that these imposing figures show the complete and unqualified success of the "Come to Britain" campaign. But do they? There is little doubt that a great deal has been accomplished in a remarkably short time. Indeed, the greatest credit is due to the Travel Association, which has done excellent work despite its numerous handicaps. To appreciate the position and the possibilities of the tourist industry in this country, however, it is essential to compare England's efforts with those of other countries.

In the first place, there are certain general conditions that apply to all countries. Foremost among these is the quantitative and qualitative transformation of tourism. The world crisis, coupled with an ever-growing political and economic nationalism, has created endless difficulties in the normal intercourse between the nations. It has played havoc with foreign exchanges, has created striking disparities of prices, has brought about all sorts of government regulations prohibiting the export of capital, has forced the erection of trade barriers and has resulted in a wholesale diminution of national and personal incomes. Simultaneously with this, and partly as a result of it, we have seen the democratization of travelling. It has ceased to be the prerogative of the leisured classes and, as I said before, is attracting and has become accessible to people of many strata of society who, in the past, would never have dreamed of going abroad.

Furthermore, while the volume of travellers or tourists has shrunk, the component parts have changed, not only socially, but also nationally. The old division of the world into countries

that exported tourists: England, America, and the Russian Empire, [and those that imported them: France, Switzerland, or Germany, has gone. Today most countries can be said to be doing both, and indeed it has become a fundamental axiom of the tourist industry that it can only function if it is multi-lateral; a purely one-way arrangement, exporting and not importing, or vice versa, is in this respect just as hopelessly impracticable a proposition as in foreign trade.

This development, however, has resulted in the tourist having a much wider selection of travelling possibilities, for all countries are competing for his patronage, and each tries to offer some special inducement. But it is wrong to assume that the eloquence of those in charge of tourist propaganda, or the extent of their financial resources devoted to it, or their publicity methods—however brilliant—are sufficient to canalize the much desired current of foreigners to a particular country. The countries that are today most favoured by foreign visitors are those which know how to provide them with the best amenities in all senses of the word. A characteristic detail in this respect is the influence that the development of motoring has had on tourism; the countries that offer the motorist the best facilities can rely on an ever-increasing number of foreign holiday-makers. People who travel wish to have their money's worth. In other words, they wish the maximum of pleasures and comforts and the minimum of discomforts and vexations. During the last few years, these considerations have diverted foreign visitors from many a country to another one, and international competition for the tourist's favour makes that all the more easy.

Think of the "Come to Britain" movement from that angle. There are few, if any, countries where an individual can lead a pleasanter life than in England after he has settled down, and, so to speak, entered into a certain charmed circle. But this only happens *after* he has adapted himself to the English modes of living; it requires time and personal contacts. Think, however, of the foreign visitor to these shores who has neither. To start with, he has to conquer the prejudices in which he has been brought up and for which England herself is partly responsible. He firmly believes that our climate is impossible, indeed that we have fogs, dampness and rain all the year round; he believes



that England is one great mass of over-populated, dark, and industrial cities; that her people are cold, inhospitable, and arrogant; and that life here is both dull and monstrously expensive. Having, however, conquered some of these initial prejudices (partly caused by the behaviour of certain English people abroad), having in fact allowed himself to be persuaded that this "Green Island in the Silver Sea" has a countryside among the loveliest in the world, that its people are human, and that its climate is no worse than in many other places, our tourist actually decides to come to Britain.

His first contact with England is his examination by the Immigration Officer. A more futile and humiliating thing it would be hard to imagine. It is not the fault of these officials, who, after all, are only carrying out instructions. Their purpose is ostensibly to keep out international crooks, political and other undesirables, and to prevent foreigners from smuggling themselves into England to seek employment. But the obvious answer to this is that no crook or propagandist would be stupid enough to travel undisguised, and that he would know how to provide himself with a false passport. As to safeguarding the British labour market, the law provides for that by requiring foreigners to obtain special permits to work here. This cross-examination of the foreign visitor—who, mark you, is solicited to "Come to England"—is as stupid as it is useless. But there is many a person who is an important and respected citizen in his or her own country, who will not put up more than once with being treated like a criminal, and who after such an experience prefers to go and spend his or her money in other countries. The word "alien", the official designation of the foreign visitor, is not likely to appeal to him either, and it automatically classes an archduke, a professor, or an artist in one class with a Cypriot dishwasher.

However, having successfully jumped this obnoxious first fence of British officialdom—happily it is also the last, for after that he is left alone, provided always that he behaves himself—our foreign visitor is allowed to proceed. Unless he happens to know somebody, or have the good luck to carry letters of introduction, in which case he will meet with the most cordial and generous of welcomes—far more so in fact than in most other

countries—he is not likely to have a very enjoyable time. I do not speak of the class of traveller who goes to a luxury hotel. A Ritz or a Carlton is pretty much the same wherever you go. Although even here the foreign visitor may find that he is not treated quite in the way that he is accustomed to in similar establishments on the Continent. It is not within the scope of this article to discuss at any length the merits and demerits of the British hotel and catering trade. Things are certainly better than they used to be. But can anybody honestly say that, with a few notable exceptions, our hotels and restaurants offer the foreigner good accommodation and good food at a reasonable price? I know: there is the Cumberland. Is it not absurd that in such a huge city as London, there should not be more places of this kind? And the provinces? Just think of the tourist who lands in an English provincial town, and especially on a Sunday!

The foreign visitor is told to go to our lovely sea-resorts, to look at some of our picturesque and quaint old cities, to spend some time in the country. But can any of these places, however, attractive in themselves, make up for the acute discomfort and the high prices he is likely to find in most of them? How can you account to a foreigner for the fact that in a bar or pub on one side of a London street he is not allowed to have a drink after a certain hour, but that if he chooses to cross the street to a place opposite (which happens to be under somebody else's jurisdiction) he is given an extra half-hour's grace? How can you explain to him that if he is staying at an hotel he may have a drink after a certain hour, but that if you happen to be calling on him you may not? And that in the afternoon no drinks are allowed at all? The fact that we are all affected by a legislation that seems to be chiefly concerned in making a careful study of what the public likes and then preventing it from having it does not really concern or console the tourist. There is not even a café where he can just sit and watch the world go by. In fact, if he is not sufficiently important—and not many tourists are—to be made a temporary member of some club (social, sporting, bridge, dancing, or otherwise) there is not very much he can do when he has responded to the exhortation that he should come to Britain.

These examples of the petty annoyances which the foreign

visitor has to put up with, and which he cannot understand, could be multiplied *ad infinitum*. It might be argued, of course, that he is not singled out for that sort of treatment because he is a foreigner, but that we are all in fact victims of obsolete legislation. Or it might be said that if he does not like all this he can go somewhere else. But that is hardly the point. If we do not want any foreign visitors, then the money spent on British tourist propaganda is wasted. If we do want them, however, we have got to face the fact that these visitors wish to be treated with respect and deference, and that we must provide them with the amenities, comforts, and recreations they are entitled to demand for the money they are spending here.

After all, we expect it from other countries when we travel abroad, and we usually get it. If we do not, we stop going and betake ourselves somewhere else. For years the British have supplied by far the largest proportion of tourists, and wherever they have gone they have set the fashion. On the Riviera or in Biarritz, in Salzburg or in Capri, in German spas or distant Scandinavia, they have introduced their style of living. Tea-rooms, golf clubs, cocktail bars, and whatever else they (and the Americans) happen to require is provided for them. And because in all these places they are given what they want they go there again and again, deserting their own country whenever they get the opportunity.

Who would go to Brighton or Scarborough when he can go to Deauville or Le Touquet? Even the most distant parts of Europe—the Scandinavian countries, Finland, Poland, Estonia, or Hungary, Portugal and Yugoslavia are attracting an ever-growing number of British visitors. Sweden has been particularly successful, and there is much we could learn from the way she handles both her tourist propaganda and her foreign visitors once they have arrived. All these countries have grasped the advantages of attracting tourists, and act accordingly. Not only do they all spend far larger sums on their propaganda than Great Britain, with her £4,000 a year government grant, but they go out of their way to please. And what happens in the case of a country that upsets its foreign visitors? There is no more striking example than that of France. The French have managed to irritate tourists so much in recent years by charging extortionate



prices and inflicting innumerable petty annoyances on them that foreigners began to avoid France. Their number fell from several million in 1927 to barely 750,000 last year, and the income France derives from them has fallen from 12 milliards of francs in 1927 to 2 milliards in 1934\*. Part of this is undoubtedly due to the world crisis, but the principal cause was that people began to realize that they did not get their money's worth and elected to transfer their custom elsewhere. The lamentable effects of this on France's national economy—a country particularly dependent on a large income from tourism—can be readily understood. Now she is making a great effort to recover her tourist trade—not an easy thing under the present circumstances.

It would be easy to comment on the various other economic aspects of tourism apart from its importance as a big item in the national balance sheet of a country. There is, for instance, an interesting relationship between tourism and foreign trade. Again, its political, social, and cultural importance cannot be sufficiently emphasized. But I have merely tried to raise one or two points which are worth further study and discussion. For the tourist is not just the objectionable fellow who crowds out a boat and collars all the best deck chairs, or stands about in groups in front of that picture at the Uffizi, or does all the other things that annoy us when we travel abroad, and whose claim to be considered our equal or a customer worth serving is profoundly abhorrent to Mrs. Grundy and Colonel Blimp. The tourist today is essentially a factor of peace and prosperity, and as such deserves every support and encouragement.

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\* At present rates from £161,000,000 in 1927 to under £27,000,000 in 1934.

## PAGE AND MONARCH

BY V. S. PRITCHETT

TEN days before Christmas, Schneider went. His departures like his arrivals were orgiastic, and between them was a three months orgy of work. All day between Schneider House and his suite at the hotel, the messengers, the secretaries, the managers, the legal and advertising men went. Jewellers, picture dealers, stockbrokers, women sailed up to his suite in the hushed warm lifts. There were nights in restaurants, theatres and night clubs. Telephone bells rang in Manchester, Paris, Rome and New York calling people to the eager guttural splutter of Schneider's voice. Up to the last moment he was working and playing at once, flopping like a sea lion in his chair. A cigar was in his mouth, a bottle of champagne was on his desk, a pen was in his hand signing letters and contracts, while he talked to Lippott who was behind him, his three secretaries, to people more remote in the blue haze of cigar smoke ; and all the time into the telephone he was gurgling thick, sentimental nonsense to Lola in the bedroom next door who was sitting like a cross bird of paradise at her dressing-table. He had been up till four the night before, dancing. And now, while the cars waited below and the heavy luggage was being loaded, he was rolling in his chair. His black hair curled over the astrakhan collar of his overcoat. The smiles that sent ripples into the bay of sallow baldness in the head, seemed to flow from his voracious lips all over his body. His very arms smiled when he smiled, his whole body grunted when he grunted.

Then when all was done he and his court sailed down in the lifts and he walked out of the hotel to his car like a squat prince in horn-rimmed spectacles, still giving orders, shaking hands, bowed to by the manager and the staff ; and two cars followed the Rolls with the luggage. Lippott, as was fitting in the man who was closer to Schneider than any man, knowing more than

his mistresses, more than his directors, knowing more about his money, his clothes, his very underclothes, more about his tempers, his tricks, his swindles, his schemes—Lippott, who was as vital to him as the braces which held up his trousers—was the last to speak to him through the car window.

"And a merry Christmas!" Lippott said in a voice which was like the icing on a small cake.

"Vot's that, Lippott?"

"A merry Christmas. Compliments of the season."

Lippott, though he was stiff and clever with other people, wriggled like a confused girl when he spoke to Schneider.

"Oh ha! ha!" came the roar of Schneider's laugh from the car. "Merry compliments. No."

Schneider had a lifelong difficulty with English greetings. And so, like a cat, the car went off taking Schneider to Italy. Schneider House would not be disturbed for another two or three months.

After the departure of Schneider came the departure of Lippott: a liner is launched and after it comes an outboard, methodically chugging and drawn out with deceptive speed into the immense swell. Lippott went back with the manager into the hotel, and the servants that were left bowed. In a more practical way there was a similar if smaller deference to Lippott. Lippott arranged about bills and tips. Lippott scrutinized, organized and paid. Lippott was Schneider's shadow. Schneider was a dream, a fantasy like an enormous electric sign on the front of a building; but Lippott, the exact man in the bowler hat, the restrained expensive clothes, and the small culture-pearl laugh, was the reality. He was the code book. There was a deference to the man who paid in hundreds or in thousands on behalf of Schneider and after he had received his deference he left. No car waited for him.

"Good day, Mr. Lippott", from three, not ten servants, and a look from bowler brim to rubber tipped heels after he passed. Lippott walked.

He walked because he was a frugal man and because he was a free man now Schneider had gone, and also because it took hours, after these launchings, for the swell of departure to die down. One was borne along and out with Schneider on a wave



that rose and dived like a dolphin. Then at last the wave weakened and the pace lagged ; gradually Schneider got away and Lippott was left bumping about in the wake of Schneider, to the long musing row back to familiar waters.

But the wave was not weakening yet and Schneider was in sight. Continually, as he walked back to the office, as he sat drinking coffee and eating a sandwich there, as lunch time passed and the afternoon began, Lippott was seeing Schneider on the boat, the Schneider cabins, the Schneider lunch at Calais, the Schneider nights in Paris, the Schneider villas. (Lippott had done it all more than once with Schneider.) He was filled with Schneider and the sensation was like being filled with Schneider's champagne. In this state of intoxication, Lippott could not settle to his work. He had never been able to work on the days when Schneider left.

" Oh, Miss Anderson " (Lippott was speaking into an instrument on his desk. His, " Oh, Miss Anderson " always sounded like the restive appeal of a man being tickled), " I am going out ", he said.

He put on his hat and coat and left his office.

" I am sorry there is no reply from the secretary's room ", the operators said. " Schneiders. Schneiders ", the voices chimed in the telephone exchange. " The secretary is out ".

Lippott went down by the stairs. Now Schneider must be racing down the long march of poplars to Abbeville. The chalk dust would be fainter in the winter. If it were raining the cars would arrive white with mud in Paris. Lippott preferred the stairs to the lift because he liked no one to see what he was doing. Schneider was the voluptuary of lifts ; on the stairs, the ascetic Lippott. He was the private, confidential man, the secretary of the company—the one who came round corners surprising people, noting who they are, pleased that they stop talking. They were afraid, in spite of their large Public School voices, of the busy Board School Lippott. Even the directors were cautious with the unobtrusive, omnipresent secretary with the shaky accent.

He went through the swing doors that seemed to flash messages of the wealth and cleverness of Schneider into the City. He went into the street. In the approaching dusk a short man like

Schneider, but lean, and, for the rest, no more than a sedate dark coat, smart dark trousers, a bowler hat, a collar and a tie and pair of boots, with a face placed in precisely the right place among them. He had tired, well-fed creases in the skin of his face, the London pallor. He had a quick but an easy walk and his eyes, sharpened by work, had the false brilliance of new teeth.

If he looked pleased as he walked past the shops it was from no personal vanity. He had leisure because trade was slack ; it was slack at Christmas because the shops had filled up with Schneider materials in the late autumn. Now the crowds in the streets were looking at them in the shop windows. Whenever he saw lights of shop windows he partook of the pleasure of being attached to the brilliance of Schneider.

The afternoon was closing. After the morning fog there had been a few hours of grey daylight mourning over the roofs and then at three the street lamps were lit and the lamps of cars and buses. The shops threw out weak fans of light from their shining windows. There was a hoarse evanescent tenderness in the air which makes many people think of the winters of their childhood, and they look into the shop windows as they used in those days to look into the fire, the light in their faces. There was the sound of thousands of footsteps, the sea-roar of engines. Many people were going home. The lights of the cars moved smoothly like pairs of cat's eyes out of the slowly sinking fog. As he crossed the side streets he could see the moist, horn-coloured vapour, with its core of weak pink or lilac light if arc lamps were hanging there. The corners of buildings were smudged and broken off in the upper air and, in the lower, the fog was like a damp sand, the vapour of a million individual breaths. Gaiety was in the air, as if this too were the orgiastic wake of Schneider and the traffic were his music. Lippott stepped out. Schneider was in the air. And Lippott was the shadow of Schneider.

Lippott had three thousand a year now, and his shares ; and there were all those private speculations where, if Schneider had put ten thousand, a hundred thousand or half a million, Lippott had followed with his occasional hundreds, a mouse nibbling where a rat had gnawed. He belonged to two clubs

now, he had his clothes made at the tailors which Schneider had found too cheap ten years before. His signet ring was from Schneider and so was his cigarette case. Schneider had bought him his house and given him his Daimler. Once—this was one of the earliest presents and Lippott had refused it because he had seen at once it might put sand into the oil of their intimacy—Schneider had offered him a mistress he was tired of. Women for Lippott were items of Schneider's accountancy; a new pair of eyes, a new account.

Lippott stepped well dressed through the crowd looking at the windows. There was the restaurant where Schneider dined. There was the shop where Schneider had bought Lippott his Daimler. There Schneider bought his orchids, his wine, his cigars, his perfumes—the smell of the Schneider women—the street was rich and dazzling with the folly of Schneider.

What was the folly of Schneider? Lippott stopped beside the window of a piano shop. He had not been thinking of Schneider at all. He had been thinking of Lola, sitting beside him racing through the chalk dust of the road to Abbeville, the value of whose shoes he knew, the price of whose fur coat and diamonds he knew, the rent of whose villa he paid; and of her voice which was like the tinkling of wine glasses. He had stopped.

The piano shop was graver than the other shops in the street and its lights were dimmer. In dull pools they were reflected on the level tops of the instruments. The shop was as solemn as an undertaker's, the dreamy luxury of a mausoleum. Chinese urns had indeed been placed in the windows and the ivory key-boards were like the long teeth of the dead. Lippott looked through the window and under the strong low light of an inner room he could see the grey, waved hair of a woman. Younger women stood idle at the counters. Lippott stood in the shadow watching her and as he watched her, he felt himself deepen in voice and grow in height and stoutness. He felt his hair curl at the back and his small hands grow thicker. The sensation grew as he approached the door. It was opened by a man with a chest of medals. Lippott, on the impulse, was Schneider. This was the woman Schneider had offered him. Schneider gone, he had come out to look at her.



"I want to speak to Mrs. Cambery", he said. He lowered his dark eyelids as he said the name and then looked up and began whistling softly. Still he was Schneider. He saw her rise from her desk and come out to him, a tall faded woman taking small steps towards him and her smile gleaming like a chilled wine.

"It's a long time since you've been in here, Mr. Lippott", she said in a high voice like the voice of Schneider's Lola, but an older and harder voice. "Have you come to wish me a Happy Christmas? How nice of you." She looked down upon him, trying to guess his errand.

And he was Schneider no more. Of course he had not come to wish her a Happy Christmas. He had taken off his hat and he could see his short straight black hair shining in the dreary gilded mirror which accentuated his leanness. His voice was rapid and polite, a thin gleam of voice, the voice of the secretary of the company, being charming to a one-time client.

"I came in", he said, "to buy a gramophone".

He looked at her. She was taller than he. Like all the women in the shops in this part of London she was expensively dressed. She was a woman in her late forties and her grace had stiffened and quickened with an exaggerated animation, her beauty remaining in her long cold eyes.

"Little Lippott", she thought. "Money. Still with Schneider. Out-last-ed me with Schneider. What's he after?"

"They are making some lovely things nowadays", she said, glancing at him, to read what he wanted. He saw this. Lippott never missed a look of this kind. She, like the rest, had to be careful of Lippott. But her talk seemed to him like the crisp, clean petalled, forced flowers in the florist's where Schneider bought his roses, his bouquets, his orchids. She was the woman Schneider had offered him, one of the earliest women of the days when Schneider was emerging from the period of East End fires and dubious liquidations. Lippott watched her as she walked to a gramophone. He smiled to think she did not know that Schneider had offered her to him.

"It is in walnut", she said. "The grain is like smoke."

"Holy smoke", he had his little joke, "if I know anything about the price".

"It gives a richness to the tone which I don't think any other wood gives." The voice went on skilfully arranging its words like flowers about every object.

He listened to her heels on the polished floor. He noted her sharp orders to the assistants, the swing of her earrings.

"She's a good saleswoman", Lippott thought. "And she's done well for herself. He put her in this shop; and she has her money, her flat. An ordinary girl from Kentish Town who sold programmes in the theatre. She has got on. Schneider's doing, but even Schneider could not have given her her chance if she hadn't had talent. It was the same with me. She had brains and Schneider spotted them".

He knew all about her. She was not Mrs. Cambery, of course. Edwards was her real name. Like him she had risen from nothing, absolutely nothing. They had worked their way up. They had travelled far, so far that no one would have known that she was a Board School girl and he was a Board school boy, both of them from a slum. There was the bond of Schneider between them. Lippott warmed.

This was in his mind all the time she was showing him the gramophones, pretending she did not know the prices and asking her assistants in a drawling voice. That pleased him. And yet there was one difference between them. Schneider had offered her to him and she did not know it. She did not know he was thinking, "I could have had this woman".

Could he have had her? Of course. Schneider had said so. Everything belonged to Schneider, that was the wonderful thing about him. Yet one had to *be* Schneider to have everything Schneider offered. And Lippott knew as he saw her long, slender back arch over the instruments, and the earrings swing, that he could not be Schneider. She did not move to him as she would have moved instinctively had Schneider come into the shop, but she had stepped back, she had stopped, she had exclaimed and he had seen in her eyes the look he was used to seeing in the eyes of everyone. "What's he up to! What is Schneider doing?"

Music was playing. She went to the instruments, raising the lids, putting on records, making music.

"Listen to this", she said.

"What is it?"

"A carol. One never tires of them, does one?"

A lid was closed, there was the faint hiss of a record. Lippott sat down. He was already thinking he must get back. He placed his umbrella between his knees and stared at the carpet. For many years he had seen carpets and heard music together. Music meant hotels and restaurants, business lunches, evenings with Schneider's parties when he looked through the glass door after his own meal alone to see Schneider with his guests. The sound of music meant to him the spending of money. One could reckon the price per bar, bill totals by the top notes. There was an instant association of a five-pound bill with the figure of the orchestra leader moving forward to the tables. The music waiter. There were orchestras whose music brought to the mind the price of champagne; there were Italian operas like the increment on private investments, with that sparkling beauty.

But the music which came from this gramophone had no financial context. Without warning men stood up. Their voices were loud, sudden and deep. They seemed to leap upon his breast and tear his shirt front open, going straight for his heart.

Good King Wenceslas looked out  
On the feast of Stephen,  
When the snow lay round about  
Deep and crisp and even.

He saw the snow.

"They're good", said Mrs. Cambery. "Don't you think?"

He nodded.

Brightly shone the moon that night  
Though the frost was cruel,  
When a poor man came in sight,  
Gathering winter fuel.

He was at the Abbey Road School. The class was singing. He was working for his scholarship. The poor man gathering the fuel was Charles Lippott. He was very sorry for him. He was stirred by the memory of his miserable origins. In his childhood most of the days had been dark, he thought. There used to be continual fog. Then suddenly Schneider appeared.

Bring me flesh and bring me wine.

and

Thou and I shall see him dine.



And dine they had. He would never forget the first time he had been taken to dine by Schneider. He knew he was going up in the world then. He knew it had paid him to obliterate everything for Schneider. He had saved money on his own dinner that night and had drunk wine for the first time. Tears of pride were concealed in Lippott's eyes. He was an errand boy in a shop. He had worked at evening classes and he had become a clerk. He went earlier to the office than everyone and he left latest. He worked till his eyes ached. At night he studied for his accountancy examinations. Slowly he advanced, eating no more than a bar of chocolate every day, never smoking, never drinking, never going to football matches or cinemas, never seeing girls. He worked. He saved. His mother was left £50 and he re-invested it for her ; he saw to it that money was put by for the funerals of his parents. He thought of everything. There were steps : from 27s. 6d. a week to 30s. a week, from 30s. a week to 35s., a sudden spring to £2 5s., a leap to four pounds. Then Schneider had appeared and there was a jump to £300 a year. That was the real beginning. For ten years he had had no holiday and had worked three Sundays out of four. And now he knew the truth of the last verse, Schneider triumphant, Lippott as close as the glove of his right hand.

Page and Monarch forth they went

Forth they went together.

It took a full male choir to sound like the reverberant voice of Schneider, hoarse and loud, a choir not a man.

"What do I get—three months? Any discount for thirty days?" he said to Mrs. Cambery.

"Makes one think of old times", she said, "doesn't it? Do you think we'll have snow?"

"No", he laughed mildly. "There is never any snow. We only get slush".

He left the shop. The roar of the street was sudden like the voices of the singers. He felt tired and irritable. In an obscure way he knew what was happening because he had known it before. It had gone four o'clock. The Schneider wave had passed. He had been borne out and now he floundered. Schneider must be near Paris now, but Lippott could not even imagine him there. The air was cold and rough to the throat, the pavements were

chilled. Schneider had gone and there was the long row back. Lippott did not mind that he had paid 120 guineas for a gramophone, indeed he was proud of that. He knew, after a few yards, that Schneider working through the art of Mrs. Cambery had seduced him into spending this money, and he liked that. There was the pleasure of being secretly seduced by Mrs. Cambery, of sharing her in this way with Schneider. Where Schneider went, Lippott went, where Schneider had paid his thousands, Lippott had pushed his little one hundred and twenty less discount. He was satisfied as he walked. But there was the Schneider who lived and the Schneider who had to be paid for. As he walked back to his office, through the caves of shop light that had become more dramatic and dazzling with the closing of the darkness, he felt himself the private custodian, the accountant of life and folly. His department went beyond Schneider into the world at large.

It was the end of the year and the accounts were being made up. It was the time of the year when, at last, Lippott used to think, we have got down to bedrock, to the real thing. He was happiest at this time. Everyone who came to his office brought him long sheets of foolscap covered with figures. He turned the corner and came down into the square where the Schneider House stood. The bare trees hung a net of branches faintly laced against the lilac glow of the darkness, and dripped on to the cab rank. Through the branches, like lanterns hanging among them, were the windows of the offices opposite. There was a building there like a cage of light floating over the earth. All the light of paradise, all the Schneider in the world had to be paid for.

He passed the Trade Entrance. The loading bay was empty. There were dim vacant cones of light over the empty loading platform. The goods lifts were stationary and in the hollow of the fog were the figures of men in brown overalls. There were five of them, young men with cigarettes in their ears, and they were talking, doing nothing. By the entrance was the machine which punched their time tickets and in the wall was a small office where the yard foreman sat. It was like a signal box and a green shaded lamp was shining on the man's bald head bent over his book. (Mrs. Cambery, under another light, did not know that Schneider had offered her to him.)

No one knew what Schneider offered him. The workmen looked as they saw Lippott pass. He paused and glanced at them and then went by towards the swing doors of the main entrance. They did not know who he was. It was ten days before Christmas, the slack time. One hundred and twenty-four pounds. Schneider must be paid for.

He nodded to the commissionaire and went up the stairs. Typists were laughing on the first landing. Quickly they ran away when they saw him. He went through glass doors and down past the frosted windows of corridors. An office door was open and he saw a pipe on a desk but no one there. Schneider must be paid for. He went along to his own office. On his desk were the foolscap sheets. He drew in his lips as if he were sipping tea, pleased by the sight of these papers. He knew the cost of everything, everything in the world.

In half an hour the building knew that he was the man who knew the cost of everything.

"Some people", he was saying in his office to one of the younger managers, "have got the wrong idea about this firm. They think it's just a milch cow to be milked dry. They don't know what work means. They think earning their living is an amusement. I don't care if it's a week before Christmas. I don't care if it's the Day of Judgment".

The bell rang in the timekeeper's office. He was a heavy man who wrote with difficulty in a small hand.

"Yeah", he said. Then he was sitting bolt upright in his chair. "Yes, sir. Yes, sir", he said.

A voice made neat by the telephone said, "How many men have you got on the lifts?"

"Five, sir".

"Sack three", the voice said.

"Now, sir? This week, sir? I mean to say Christmas week, sir? Right, sir. I'll bring the names".

He put down the receiver and stared at the telephone. He closed up his delivery book, got down from his stool and went out, first of all, to have a look at the fog. Lippott, up above, was looking at the fog as well.



## TWO SUCCESSFUL MEN

BY HECTOR BOLITHO

**D**URING the past five years I have studied the lives of two so-called successful men: Lord Melchett and Lord Inchcape. The mountains of papers which accumulated about both of them were made available to me, and I was admitted to the confidence of their friends. To a biographer for whom tranquillity on five hundred pounds a year is more dear than the fuss of triumph on ten thousand both these men provide an interesting contrast. Neither of them began at the bottom of the ladder. Lord Melchett died leaving a smaller fortune than that which he had inherited from his gifted father, Ludwig Mond. But this is not the basis of my comparison. Lord Inchcape continued the career of the well-fired rocket to the end. Lord Melchett was the more interesting man of the two from the biographer's point of view, because he was the victim of tangled motives and because he was menaced at every point by the Jew's natural love for the æsthetic. He collected ivories and bronzes and pictures. He wrote poetry and he muddled the mercenary objects of his life with his dreams. He was too restless to be merely happy. He would have enjoyed tranquillity if it had come to him, but never at the expense of excitement and change. T. E. Lawrence tells us that the "common base of all the Semitic creeds" was "the ever present idea of world-worthlessness". At the end of his career Lord Melchett was willing to give up *all*, settle in a villa on the shores of Galilee and give his talents and his purse to the cause of the Jews in Palestine.

Lord Inchcape was apparently free from such turmoils. He had begun his life in the respectable, orderly, uncomplicated machine of a small house in Scotland. This life was enlarged and enriched for him, but it never changed its character. Lord Melchett was haunted by the two thousand years of Jewish

history: he was the prey of his inheritance. He acted and thought in the light of history. Lord Inchcape's interests were confined within the four edges of his calendar. He cared nothing for history, yet, within this limitation, he grew into a giant. Lord Inchcape did not pause on the way home to buy a picture from Agnew, or to take tea with a young sculptor, or to listen to some whimsical plan for a new magazine. These were Lord Melchett's excitements. The complicated intellectual Jew gave hours to reading Spencer, and he knew the stones and treasures of Rome as well as Lord Inchcape knew the pens upon his table. Lord Melchett listened to too many voices. Lord Inchcape heard only one.

The Ten Commandments would have been forgotten long ago if it were not for man's ability to break them, and it is true, if shocking, that the men who *do* break them are more welcome subjects to the biographer than those who keep them. Engaging as virtue and prosperity are in themselves, they make dull reading unless they are relieved by the further record of the anxieties, the frustrations and the temptations which have been met on the way. The record of the late Lord Inchcape leaves one bewildered and incredulous. Until he was seventy, he knew neither frustrations, unhappiness, nor ill-health. His story works out like a well-constructed play. The patrons, the friends, the opportunities and the situations all appeared exactly when he needed them. More than this, they contributed to the plot and plan of his life, exactly *what* he needed of them. None of his contemporaries compares with him, for almost every great man of his time had to pay dearly for success through the sacrifice of health, personal contentment, or public trust. Lord Inchcape's first eminent patron, Lord Lansdowne, lost his Sovereign's favour from some cause which has never been fully explained. Lord Northcliffe's life ended with a dismal chapter, Mr. Lloyd George lost his hold on public imagination when he took off the trappings of war. Many of the war-time millionaires have suffered bitterly. Lord Inchcape began bravely and he ended splendidly. His was the career of which youths dream when they first slide on to an office stool.

At the age of eleven, James Mackay kicked and beat his

schoolmaster for having punished him undeservedly. The incident was significant. Mackay was determined, uncompromising, energetic, scrupulous as to the code of integrity which he formulated, and he was unhampered by any interests save those of family life and success. If these are virtues, then his story might be entitled "James Mackay, First Earl of Inchcape: or Virtue Rewarded".

Certain conventional legends grow up about the names of eminent men. If they become peers, it is common knowledge that they began in the gutter. In turn, every pavement artist must be a prince in disguise. Newspaper boys became millionaires in the last century, but nowadays we draw our Titans of commerce from a different sphere. Most of them seem to be the sons of clergymen and school teachers. James Mackay did not escape the conventional legend. It was generally supposed, and often written, that he had been born at the foot of the ladder. His origin was solid Scottish middle-class, which meant that, being a Scotsman, he did not have a middle-class mind. His father was a prosperous captain who owned two barques which traded out of Arbroath. They brought flax from the Baltic, and sometimes went as far as Newfoundland, whence Captain Mackay brought his bride, James Mackay's mother, to live in Arbroath. The first smells in the boy's nostrils were of the sea, and his love for it never faded to the end of his life. He died on his yacht in the Mediterranean. James Mackay's first work was in a lawyer's office as a scrivener. He confessed himself more in love with "boats than books", but ambition was strong in him and he stuck to his desk. Captain Mackay and his wife both died before James was twelve years old, and the boy was left with a patrimony of one hundred pounds a year and a share in the barques which his father had owned—a tidy fortune for such a lad in the eighteen sixties. Once fired by ambition, the rocket soared to the heavens. "He's a damned sight over ambitious", complained Mackay's second employer. James Mackay went on.

When he was an old man, Lord Inchcape returned to Arbroath and spoke to the young. He advised them to leave Scotland and go to the cities and lands of opportunity. He advised them to follow in his own footsteps. When he was nineteen, he left



Arbroath for London and worked in a shipping office. After a few years, an assistant was needed for the Bombay office of the firm. Three names leapt to the manager's mind and James Mackay's was one, but the last of them. The first lad was sent for. Yes, he could go to India, but he would like to have his summer holidays first. The second one was equally willing to go, but he wished to consult his parents. When James Mackay was asked, he answered, "Yes, I can go to-night". The course of the rocket was set by this decision. He left for India and made his fortune.

Wealth and power as a merchant fell into James Mackay's hands through accident as well as design. The two most illustrious and profitable appointments of his commercial career came to him because he was chosen by older men who were without direct or qualified heirs. He was the choice of Sir William Mackinnon to be chief of the vast Indian trading concern, and of Sir Thomas Sutherland to be head of the P. & O. Company. But these were only part of his success.

When a new member of the Viceroy's Council was needed to represent the commercial interests of Calcutta, James Mackay was chosen. Here was good fortune, for the Viceroy happened to be Lord Lansdowne, who soon detected talents for greater things than merchantry in his new, young councillor. They became friends. Mackay became "My Dear Mackay," and Lord Lansdowne soon encouraged him to lift his eyes beyond the four walls of his office and review the fields of government and diplomacy. The pupil was apt. In 1892, Lord Lansdowne sent Mackay to England to give evidence on Indian currency before Lord Herschell's Committee. Now the permanent officials of the India Office noticed the young merchant. (They had already been informed of his talents in letters from the Viceroy.) When he came home from India finally, in 1893, he was soon made a member of the India Council, and so brilliantly did he serve in this office, with his shrewd advice on finance, that when his term ended Lord Morley and Lord Kilbracken were almost too humble in their entreaties that he remain for another term. He served on the Council for fifteen years—an unusually long term—and when he retired he was given a peerage.

Lord Lansdowne was also back in England, and he had not been allowed to retire among his trees and pigs at Bowood as he wished. He was at the Foreign Office and concerned with the problems following the Boxer Rising. The shambles was passing, and the Foreign Office needed a plenipotentiary to send to China to make a new commercial treaty. Lord Lansdowne shook the traditions of the Foreign Office by arming James Mackay with the necessary powers and sending him to China at the head of the mission. After a year of deliberation, the treaty was signed. It was immediately ineffectual because the other Powers would not fall in with Great Britain's design. James Mackay, nevertheless, returned to England in great glory, and the Foreign Office, the India Office, and the press were lavish with praise. The next stage was India again. He went out as head of the Axe Committee which made it possible for India to balance its budget for the first time for five years. This mission revealed the full flood of Lord Inchcape's talents as an arbitrator and as a diplomat. The main cuts in Indian expenditure affected the army, and instead of making an enemy of Lord Rawlinson, the Commander-in-Chief, he made a friend with whom he shot, talked, and joked to the end of his life.

Lord Inchcape created the P. & O. Bank and, more important, he designed and carried out the amalgamation between the P. & O. and the British India companies. One of the most spectacular achievements in his career came at the end of the War when he disposed of the standard ships built by the government and the millions of tons of captured enemy shipping at a cost to the country of a few thousand pounds. If they had been sunk instead, the shipbuilding yards of Great Britain might not be the cemeteries they are today. But that is another matter. It was not likely that a man even of Lord Inchcape's talents could see as far as that. The list of his achievements could be extended to the length of dullness. They never offer any variation from the one defined line of success.

Now and again we read in the newspapers the elaborate theories of prominent men who try to define success. We have been brought up to the sober legend of *Early hours*, *Abstemious habits* and *Quick decision*. The pursuit of this state, called *Success*, inspires text-books, lectures, and even special schools in which

the young are taught how to become prosperous and celebrated. (I draw some comfort, when I reject all this advice, from the example of a friend who is an acknowledged writer on finance, yet who is so poor that he has been forced to sell his motor-car.) It is nevertheless true that there are many thousands of young men who are deeply troubled by the pursuit of success. They should find some hints in the story of a man who began life in a small Scottish town with one hundred pounds a year, and ended it as the doyen of shipping and a millionaire. When a reporter asked Lord Inchcape for the key to success, he answered that he always kept his word and always left his desk clear at night. We are not satisfied by this. The men who keep their word are legion, and many of us are conscientious and tidy-minded enough to answer our letters and pay our bills. These simple laws do not explain enough, and we must seek deeper than Lord Inchcape's own analysis for his secret. The secret is not very elusive. He succeeded because he never allowed himself to be wooed from the central purpose of his career. One of the bewildering aspects of his talent was his capacity to notice details. He decided the positions of the fire extinguishers in his ships and he went down on his hands and knees to see if the carpet beneath a sofa fitted as it should. He reprimanded an agent in India for using too much sealing wax on his envelopes and then, in a second, he turned to the dangerous task of wrestling with millions of pounds.

Lord Melchett was, in every way, a different man. He stumbled on from one majestic notion to the next and died bewildered as he began, yet in touch with infinite problems which Lord Inchcape would have been too impatient to understand. They were like two men standing back-to-back. One looked forward into a vision of British security in which the moving objects were bigger ships, faster trains, harnessed rivers . . . every force of nature turned into an exquisite machine. Lord Melchett looked back. He too had seen the vision of the future. He had followed at the heels of the word *Rationalization* and he had drawn great industries together in a company so vast that the stamp upon its charter cost a million pounds. But it was in the other direction that he turned in the end. The centuries behind him were too strong. They dragged him into the past,



and when the sights and sounds of Palestine first came to him, it is said that he stood upon a hill, looking down upon a little Jewish settlement and said, "These are my people, this is my electorate". The declaration was odd in a man who had said, as a lad sitting on the piano stool of his uncle's house in Cologne, that his ambition was to be Prime Minister of England.

No picture of him is more pathetic than one taken from the story of his life at school. His grandfather had been a Jew in Cassel. His father was a great chemist, too great in his season of riches and fame to bother about being anything more than a chemist. But Alfred Mond wished to be an Englishman. He was found, trying to correct the clumsiness of his limbs, kicking a football in a field, night after night, when his lessons were ended. He began by being the son of a German Jew, but he wished to become an Englishman. He became a Minister of the Crown and he collected, meantime, his pictures and bronzes. Then he turned, still once more, and built a little villa on the earth over which our Lord walked towards Capernaum, and called it his *home*. Therein lay the key to his worldly failure. The Semite in him was too fierce and too used to conflict to see life as one straight road. And therein lay Lord Inchcape's blessing. He made a plan when he was a boy in his 'teens, and neither the breadth of the world nor the length of his days saw him deviate from it. The prospect of such doggedness and single-minded endeavour may be frightening to those of us who still have a taste for lotus-eating. But for those who seek to live safely and to walk in the public view, Lord Inchcape could be quoted as the perfect example of a great and good citizen who had more than merely the touch of Midas, for he served the State as well as himself, and he could feel the satisfaction of knowing that the honours his Sovereign bestowed upon him were well earned.

## CANADA'S PRIME MINISTER

BY H. CARL GOLDENBERG

ON October 14th the electors of Canada voted in favour of a change of government. The Conservatives, who, under the leadership of Mr. R. B. Bennett, had been in power since 1930, were completely routed; they barely succeeded in electing forty out of the 245 members of the House of Commons. The Liberals, under Mr. Mackenzie King, their leader for the past sixteen years, won a decisive victory; its majority of over one hundred is the largest since Confederation. The new Prime Minister has thereby reversed a two-fold trend of post-War politics—the tendency to reject liberalism as an outworn doctrine of the nineteenth century and to select new national leaders to cope with modern problems.

Mr. King opened his recent election campaign with a declaration that Canada was facing the issue of democracy *versus* dictatorship. His opponents ridiculed this assertion. Mr. Bennett, the potential "dictator", countered with the accusation that the Liberals were raising sham arguments in order to evade a discussion of basic problems. Mr. King, however, remained unmoved. In defending the constitutional rights of Parliament he was true to his inherited political tradition, for he is a grandson of William Lyon Mackenzie, the leader of the rebellion of 1837-38 in Upper Canada. Mackenzie led an armed uprising against the Crown in his efforts to bring about the establishment of responsible government. He suffered imprisonment and exile. It was in exile that his youngest daughter, the mother of Mackenzie King, was born. We shall see how her son's outlook and career have been influenced by his background.

Mackenzie King is the idealist in politics, but he is by no means divorced from a sense of reality. He is moreover endowed with great political sagacity and sincerity, as he proved in the recent campaign. In the face of a growing economic nationalism

he urged freer trade as the only sound basis for recovery. While his opponents were promising all things to all men, he refused to make promises which could not be fulfilled. He was attacked as an exponent of an outworn creed of *laissez faire* and, as such, unfit to contend with the problems of modern industrialism. Even some of his supporters urged him to advocate more "constructive" measures. In reply, Mr. King pointed to Italy and to Germany as countries which had introduced new methods for dealing with economic and social problems, and in each case the abandonment of liberalism had led to Fascism. He saw a similar trend in Canada. He vigorously condemned the economic planning which involves the grant of extensive powers of control over the production and prices of commodities to private occupational groups which are not responsible to Parliament. He likewise condemned the centralization of power in the Cabinet at the expense of Parliament. "For my part", he said, "I propose to stand or fall upholding, in all things, the parliamentary method of government. I intend to test all policies and all measures by the simple method of asking whither they tend. If they tend in the direction of monopoly, if they mean more in the way of compulsion, and above all, if they are not susceptible of the parliamentary method, and thereby imply dictatorship, I shall feel that the presumption is overwhelmingly against them".

His sincere attachment to the principles of democracy is responsible for Mackenzie King's great faith in the collective wisdom of the people. In his political speeches to them he is neither a lecturer nor a spell-binder. He speaks at great length; his form is explanatory; he details his process of reasoning; he presents a case which he hopes will be acceptable to his hearers. He is a student and not a demagogue; he is therefore cautious and not reckless in his statements. If he sometimes appears to be indefinite, it is because he believes that there is no finality in the affairs of a nation. He is a conciliator, and therefore believes in compromise. He understands the mass of the people, as the election results indicate.

Mackenzie King's democratic views apply equally to his relations with his Ministry. As Prime Minister, he does not dictate to his Cabinet. "One-man" government is a thing



he abhors, citing the Book of Proverbs to the effect that "in the multitude of counsellors there is safety". He consults with his colleagues at all times and expects each to perform his duties with a full sense of responsibility. During the Parliamentary session it is a rare thing for him to be absent from the House. At other times he is very frequently alone. He shuns publicity. He grants few interviews and seldom poses for photographs. He believes that a man requires privacy for reading and meditation in order to gain a clear perspective of events. At the age of sixty-one he is still the student and the teacher in politics.

Canada's Prime Minister graduated from the University of Toronto in political science and law in 1895. At one stage he figured prominently in a students' strike against certain staff appointments. His main interests were centred upon the social sciences. In the course of post-graduate studies in the United States and in Europe he took up residence in social settlements, such as Hull House in Chicago and the Passmore Edwards Settlement in London. His examination of industrial conditions led him to draw the attention of the Postmaster-General of Canada to the sweated conditions under which letter-carriers' uniforms were being manufactured. He was instructed to investigate and to report upon government clothing contracts, and the result was the introduction in Parliament of the "Fair Wages Resolution" regulating the payment of work under government contracts. It also led to Mr. King's entry into the government service.

William Mulock, the Postmaster-General, became interested in the young man who had reported on the manufacture of postmen's uniforms. He offered him an appointment as Canada's first Deputy Minister of Labour. Mackenzie King was hesitant. He had under consideration an instructorship in political economy in Harvard University. He was persuaded, however, to enter the civil service, and at the age of twenty-five he accepted the task of organizing and administering the newly-created Department of Labour. Here he was successful. The student became an earnest and energetic executive. He founded and edited the *Labour Gazette*, and was a conciliator and mediator in more than forty industrial disputes. He represented the British Government

on the International Opium Commission which met at Shanghai in 1908. He gained a wealth of practical experience in industrial problems on the basis of which he drafted new social legislation. The best known of his measures is the Industrial Disputes Investigation Act of 1907, which, without outlawing the right to strike, aims at the settlement of disputes by a compulsory investigation into their causes. The Act has served as a model for legislation in other countries.

In 1908 Mr. King resigned from the civil service in order to enter the House of Commons. Shortly afterwards, at the age of thirty-four, he was sworn in as Minister of Labour in the Government of Sir Wilfrid Laurier. His activities in his new sphere forecast legislation of recent years regulating labour conditions. Having studied the effects of industrial concentrations he drafted the Combines Investigation Act to curb the evils of combines, mergers, and trusts operating in restraint of trade. As in the case of industrial disputes, he believed that investigation and publicity would remedy abuses. His views are reiterated in present Liberal policy, which seeks "to end artificial price control and agreements in restraint of trade". But his term of office was relatively short. It ended with the defeat of the Laurier Government at the polls in 1911 on the issue of trade reciprocity with the United States. The Liberal Party went into the shades of Opposition for ten years.

From the time of the "Reciprocity" election to 1919 Mr. Mackenzie King was out of Parliament. He returned, therefore, to his studies of social problems in the office of Director of Industrial Research of the Rockefeller Foundation. Called upon to act as mediator in a number of major industrial conflicts during the War period, particularly in industries providing war supplies, he was able to find a settlement on the basis of plans for joint representation of employers and employees in industrial relations. The results of his research and practical experience were embodied in a book entitled *Industry and Humanity*. In this book he recommends that adequate representation of the four parties to industry, namely, capital, labour, management, and the community, be made the basis of government in industry. Together with effective social legislation, it is the road to industrial reconstruction.

Although absorbed in social problems, Mr. King did not lose interest in public affairs. Political tension was high in Canada during the war years. Bitter feelings were aroused. There was the question of military conscription. There was the War-time Elections Act enfranchising some and disfranchising other citizens. The issues transcended party lines. Sir Wilfrid Laurier opposed these measures; he objected to compulsion and to arbitrary disfranchisement. He refused to join the Union Government. But though a number of his principal associates parted company with him, Mackenzie King remained faithful to his chief. He was defeated as a Laurier candidate in the War-time election of 1917, and the Unionists under Sir Robert Borden were returned to power.

Two years later Sir Wilfrid Laurier died. He had been the Liberal leader for over thirty years. A national convention of the party met to elect his successor and the choice fell upon Mackenzie King. He was the first leader of a party in Canada to be elected by a representative convention. Re-entering Parliament at a by-election, after an absence of eight years, he assumed the post of leader of the Opposition.

Mackenzie King now entered upon the second principal stage of his career. He led his party to victory in the election of December, 1921, and became Prime Minister of Canada for almost a decade. But the political situation was unusual; it required all his tact and ingenuity to control it. There had arisen a new party—the Progressives—advocating very low tariffs and even free trade. It had swept the West and elected sixty-five members to Parliament, relegating the Conservatives to third place. There were also three Labour members elected. Since the government was in a minority of one as against the combined opposition, it depended upon the support of some of the members of these groups. Mr. King offered to appoint a number of Progressives to his Cabinet. They declined, but at the same time announced that they would support the new government in the carrying out of Liberal and Progressive policies. They did, and were ultimately absorbed by the Liberal Party.

The complex Parliamentary situation continued to the end of Mr. King's term of office. It required all the skill of diplomacy and statesmanship to govern Canada. The Administration faced



a host of economic, financial, and political problems, which were either inherent in the Canadian economy or consequent upon participation in the War. It approached them in a spirit of reconciliation of the conflicting demands of divergent economic interests. Mackenzie King was once again the great conciliator and circumstances favoured him. Economic prosperity facilitated reductions in debt and taxation. It also made possible certain tariff reductions, though the principle of moderate Protection was retained. Old age pensions were enacted on a basis of co-operation with the provinces. The publicly-owned Canadian National Railways were re-organized and co-ordinated under the direction of Sir Henry Thornton.

These were also years of change in Canada's status in the Empire and in the community of nations. The developments offered wide scope to Mr. King's inherited interest in constitutional problems and to his convictions on Canadian autonomy. In 1922 there occurred the Chanak incident. Mr. Lloyd George asked the Dominions whether they would co-operate in resisting Turkish aggression in Europe ; the situation was urgent. Mr. King refused to act hastily. He replied that a Canadian contingent could not be sent without the authorization of Parliament, and that he required more facts before he would summon a special session. The matter ended there. Mr. King again asserted Canadian autonomy in 1923 by insisting that a Treaty with the United States for the protection of halibut fisheries, being a matter of interest to the Dominions alone, be negotiated and signed by the Canadian delegate without the intervention of the British Ambassador. His procedure was confirmed by the Imperial Conference of the same year.

General elections were held in 1925, but the results were indecisive. The Conservatives returned the largest group, but they were outnumbered by the Liberals and the Progressives together. In these circumstances Mr. King refused to resign. He asserted the constitutional right of Parliament to determine which party is to govern ; and the House of Commons sustained the Liberal Administration. The session of 1926 offered great excitement. Mr. Harry Stevens, a former Conservative Minister, alleged grave irregularities in the administration of the Customs Department. His charges were referred to a

special committee of the House. When the committee's report was submitted to Parliament the attitude of a number of Progressive and Independent members became uncertain and effective government was impossible. Mr. King thereupon advised the Governor-General to dissolve Parliament. His request was refused, and a constitutional crisis was precipitated.

The King Government resigned office immediately. Mr. Arthur Meighen, the Conservative leader, was invited to form a Cabinet. In order to safeguard his possible majority, Mr. Meighen decided to avoid the necessity of his Ministers vacating their seats and seeking re-election by appointing a Cabinet of acting Ministers. The constitutional propriety of this procedure was questionable. The "shadow Cabinet" was defeated within three days of its formation, and Mr. Meighen was granted the dissolution which had been refused to the Liberals. In the ensuing election the "Customs scandals" were relegated to the background. The issue was Responsible Government, and Mr. King conducted a masterly campaign in defence of his inherited principles. The united Liberal and Progressive victory which ensued was mainly the result of his political sagacity. Thus he returned to office after an absence of only three months and was able to attend the Imperial Conference of 1926 and to participate in the formal recognition of the equality of status of Great Britain and the Dominions. It was the logical conclusion of the struggle for responsible government.

The economic circumstances which had favoured the Liberal Administration gave way to depression in 1930. In the election of that year the King Government was defeated, and Mr. R. B. Bennett became Prime Minister. He attempted "to end unemployment" by raising tariffs and "blasting a way" into the markets of the world, but he could not succeed. The Ottawa Agreements of 1932 were negotiated at the expense of higher tariffs against non-Empire countries. Mr. King, as Leader of the opposition, attacked the increasing barriers to trade, and also government by orders-in-council. The popularity of the Government began to wane as the depression grew. Mr. Bennett then in a series of radio speeches dramatically announced a "New Deal". He proposed broad measures of social legislation and industrial regulation. He hoped to provoke the Liberals

into opposition and to place them on the defensive. But the event proved that he did not understand the Liberal leader.

Mackenzie King is not only an advocate of social legislation, he is also a master of the art of political strategy. When Parliament met he did not oppose the New Deal. Taking the offensive, he challenged the Administration to introduce the projected measures immediately. He offered his co-operation to facilitate their enactment, contending that they had been copied from the Liberal platform. The measures then became law, but as an anti-climax to the original announcement. The Liberals were at no time on the defensive. Notwithstanding the New Deal they were returned to power in 1935.

Mr. Mackenzie King now faces all the difficult problems arising from five years of trade depression. He believes that sound recovery must be based upon an expansion of foreign trade. The Liberal Administration therefore proposes the negotiation of trade agreements and the reduction of tariff barriers. It seeks to promote the development of the primary industries by reductions in costs of production, expansion of markets, and abolition of monopolistic agreements in restraint of trade. To deal with unemployment a national commission is planned which will draft a long-range scheme of national development, to be proceeded with or discontinued from time to time as prevailing conditions may require. In all, it is a liberal and democratic programme.

At the time of writing the new Government has been in power for four weeks, but Mr. King has already baffled his critics. He is no longer dependent upon the support of minority groups, and therefore has a free hand. With a Cabinet composed of very able men, he has introduced a policy of retrenchment. He has summoned a Dominion-Provincial Conference to formulate policies on matters relating to finance and unemployment, and he has initiated or resumed trade negotiations with foreign countries.

Above all, he has succeeded in completing a reciprocal trade agreement with the United States—the aim of both political parties in Canada since 1866. It is a major achievement—a victory over the force of economic nationalism. Even his opponents admit that Mackenzie King is now “a man of action”.



## NATIONALIST JAPAN SPEAKS OUT

BY GÜNTHER STEIN

THE doings of the Japanese Army in North China give a special significance to the remarkable ideas about the destiny of Japan which animate its extreme nationalists. The boundless ambitions which they disclose may surprise Western readers, but it would be well if they endeavoured to grasp them. For although Europe is at present so much engrossed with the Abyssinian conflict and all that it portends, the latest developments in the Far East seem to be just as fateful and important.

It was a General on active service who confronted me for the first time with the scope of this Imperialist philosophy. This was nearly four years ago, shortly after the Manchurian "incident". A retired officer of the General Staff, anxious to convey to the foreigner some authoritative idea of the mentality which was then beginning to take control of Japan's policy, invited me to dinner with the General in a fashionable Tokyo restaurant. For four hours we knelt on the soft straw matting, while three girls in beautiful kimonos ceremoniously served an infinite sequence of dishes accompanied by hot *saké*. The host and myself wore dinner jackets, but the General, characteristically, had come in a modest office suit. We had, of course, all left our shoes at the entrance.

The General, to this day one of the leaders of the movement popularly called the "Young Officers", was a strong, vivacious man of about fifty. His round, strong-boned Asiatic face expressed, still clearly separable, two types of character: that of the professional staff officer approaching to the Prussian model and that of the Buddhist sage. From the firm, broad mouth with its snow-white rows of teeth there poured a strange combination of learning and meditation, of rational argument and mystic faith, of efficiency and controlled passion. The jet-black

eyes glanced mysteriously, though not unkindly, out of an ascetic, shaved head. Vivid gestures of the slim, almost woman-like hands accompanied the General's speech, which was frank, quick, and to the point.

We discussed Japan's great mission in the Far East; the historic sins and present weaknesses of the Western Powers; the dangers threatening Japan; the domestic reforms needed to face the coming crisis. We talked of economics and religion; of strategics, diplomacy, and politics. I had given my word not to reveal either the name or the words of the General. And when, later on, I tried to describe in my own words the new mental world which I had seen during those four hours, I found the task hopeless. It was as if I had sought to put into rational terms the naïve religious feelings of a little-known people. I was restrained partly by the thought of certain incredulity on the part of my readers, and partly by uncertainty whether the words of my warlike Buddha were really representative of any important section of this sober, businesslike people.

In the intervening years I have met many other spokesmen of what the Japanese call nationalist radicalism. I have met army officers, civil servants, Shinto priests, and men in the street. I have talked to people in uniform, kimono, or morning dress. Some of them spoke with sincere conviction, others with the uncertainty that breeds conceit. I am now fairly certain that the ideas of the "Young Officers" are shared, or at least echoed, by a large section of the politically interested population of Japan. I can almost see these ideas struggling against the outlook of the West which has taken root only in a small class. Yet I still find it impossible to translate Japanese nationalism into sober report and argument. To escape the dilemma, I have gathered a number of typical utterances of the kind which inspire the hectic progress of Japan's territorial expansion. Leaving aside the more naïve provocations with which current Japanese literature abounds, I quote only from published statements of responsible writers.

One of the most deep-rooted, as well as most irritating, convictions of the nationalists is the belief that Japan's present foreign policy is actuated by religious and philosophical motives. The following is a characteristic specimen of this belief, taken from

the book of the influential publicist Chikao Fujisawa, *Japanese and Oriental Political Philosophy*.

As long as a moral conversion of humanity is not effected, the sinister incubus of a second world war will overshadow international relations. Only the realization that the one and absolute sovereignty is vested in Heaven, and that, on behalf of Heaven, a certain nation shall be entrusted with the performance of this sovereignty for the benefit of all mankind, can pave the way to final world peace and international co-operation. I am persuaded that this new orientation of world politics is possible on the principle of the "Sage-King Government".

Mr. Fujisawa, not unnaturally, holds that the Emperor of Japan is the personification of his ideal.

The Emperor cherishes the people like a great treasure, while the people worship the Emperor as their father and serve him with the utmost loyalty : hence the Emperor, as the Sage-King, would think it his sacred duty to love and protect not only the people of this land, but also those alien peoples who are suffering from misgovernment and privation. . . Should any unlawful elements dare to obstruct the noble activities of the Sage-King, he would be permitted to appeal to force ; but this may be justified only when he acts strictly on behalf of Heaven. It is utterly inconceivable that he should depart from the Right Way and stray into shameful Imperialism, because he embodies in himself the eternal Divine Way itself.

Thus the sacred intervention to be carried out by the Sage-King is fundamentally different from the mere pursuit of exploitative Imperialism. It was this firm belief in our holy mission which moved Japan to assist Mr. H. Pu-Yi to found the new State of Manchoukuo, which will faithfully follow the Way of the Sage-King.

Another quotation from the same writer may serve to show that the Japanese nationalists find their faith in being chosen rulers of the world perfectly compatible with an exceedingly strong sense of frustration, and even persecution.

A long time ago the bewildered people crucified Jesus Christ, who stood alone for the true cause of humanity. They were not enlightened enough to grasp the meaning of the noble words and acts of the Saviour of Mankind. Now, it is just the same case with Japan, which stands dauntless before the erring judgment of the whole world. She strives patiently to rectify it. Before long humanity will realize the righteousness of Japan and turn accusation into sincere gratitude.

Turning to the foremost realists of Japan, the leaders of the Imperial Army, we find the following pregnant declaration contained in the last of the famous series of pamphlets published by the News Department of the War Office. By way of profane comment it may be remarked that the pamphlet appeared on the



day, last September, when Sir Frederick Leith-Ross, the British Government's economic adviser, arrived in Tokyo.

For the purpose of bringing about peace in the world, a hundred Leagues of Nations, a thousand peace pacts, non-aggression treaties, or disarmament agreements are useless—unless the nations correct the injustices and irrationalities which are at the root of present international unrest. There are nations with vast territorial possessions and abundant resources who enjoy prosperity not by dint of their own labour, but by exploiting the sweat of weaker races. On the other hand, we see some capable and deserving nations which, for lack of territory and resources, can barely subsist in spite of the greatest thrift and industry. Again, there are countries which, enchained by obsolete treaty obligations, cannot exist as independent states worthy of the name.

Consequently the peace of the world should be founded upon a rational re-distribution of territories, resources, and population; upon the restraint, on the part of the stronger nations, of the desire to make conquests for selfish purposes; and upon equal opportunities for all peoples.

The human race, thanks to the fallacies of Liberalism, is now approaching an all-round stalemate in civilization. And certain nations, failing to appreciate that fact, are still bent only on promoting their own selfish ends in pursuance of Imperialism and the expansionist policy of bygone days. These are the common foe of all mankind.

What, then, is the situation in the Far East? Who is the mistress of Asia? For many centuries the continent has been made the object of Imperialist policies by the great occidental nations. To-day Asia, with the exception of Japan, China, and Siam, is divided up into colonies of European or American Powers. Of the three that remain free, Japan is the only one who is strictly independent and in a position to assume leadership.

China, so long subjected by the Powers, is even now unaware of her fate. She struggles to keep up the pretence of independence by playing up one nation against the other. Actually, China is on the verge of being turned into a dependency of other countries, or of being placed under international control.

Asia is the home of the Asiatics. It is life and death to them. To the European races it is not of vital importance. Thus there is no reason why we should leave Asia to the exploitation of other races at the cost of our own existence. We support the principle of equal opportunity if applied to the whole world. But we do not admit the justice of that principle as it is championed today by a certain Great Power which desires to enforce the "open door" only in Asia but refuses to apply it to her own continent.

Such is, with some loss of vividness inevitable in the translation from the Japanese, the view of world affairs as distributed by the War Office to millions of people in all walks of life. Without question it reflects in some measure the sincere conviction of the forward section of the officers' corps which, in spite of the recent "purge", still dominates at least the Kwantung Army (the Japanese Army in China).

The Japanese Navy is not in the habit of declaring its views in public. But the following statement by one of the leading naval writers may be taken as typical of current opinion. It is taken from an article by Captain Gumpei Sekine, published in the periodical *Dai Asia Shugi*.

In the past, Japan has been working for the progress of the Continent. But we have not done so for the sake of profit. We have undertaken the task in the spirit of maintaining peace in the Far East and the welfare of the Far Eastern peoples. In other words, our past work has been the result of the characteristic chivalry of the Japanese nation. We hope that, with that spirit in mind, the Japanese will make further advances into the Continent.

At the same time, we must not neglect maritime advancement, which serves the same purposes. Naval expansion is the historical mission of the Japanese Empire. Naval strength is the life of Japan.

The immediate purpose of "maritime advancement" is, in the unanimous opinion of naval publicists, the expansion of Japanese influence in the Southern Pacific. Even as the Army is scheming for continental power, the Navy is dreaming of the South Seas. Thus Mr. Chuji Machida, the present Minister of Trade and Industry :

The Pacific islands are of the greatest importance to Japan both from the economic and military point of view. Only when Japan has established close economic co-operation with Manchoukuo, China, and the Pacific islands will her industries be able to develop without importing raw materials from the West. Then the Japanese nation can pursue such powerful trade policy as to force all other countries to abandon their present irrational commercial policies. Again : only by pushing Southward can Japan claim the prominent place in world trade which is due to her !

Another aspect of the same problem is frankly discussed by Commander Tamemoto, the Paymaster-General of the Navy, in an article on "The Naval Budget and its Use", in the October number of *Toho Keizai* :

. . . Those who complain of the shortage of Japan's natural resources are short-sighted. They should consider that there exist immense resources in East Asia and the South Sea islands, all of which are within our economic reach.

Considered thus, Japan is richer in natural wealth than Britain or the United States. In order to obtain the benefit of those enormous resources, however, it is of vital importance for us to possess a navy powerful enough to command the seas.

Still further to the South, the limits of Japanese vision are being expanded to include the Kingdom of Siam. Valiant

efforts are being made, not entirely without success, to foster friendly relations between Japan and Siam. A typical utterance is that of Mr. Chonosuke Yada, the chairman of the Japanese Siam Society :

Japan's future national policy is often described by the phrase : defence in the North, advance in the South. Economic development in the North, with Manchoukuo, and farther afield, Siberia, is of supreme importance. But if she desires true economic maturity, Japan must follow her policy of Southward expansion with even greater enthusiasm.

In the North, Japan must make a large outlay of capital for many years to come ; but development in the South can be immediately productive. And in the path of her southward expansion there lies Siam, as large as Germany and France taken together, and possessing an abundance of raw materials.

The world situation is constantly changing. It is highly questionable whether Holland can retain much longer her East Indian possessions, which are more than sixty times as large as her home land. It is uncertain, too, how long India will remain a British possession. If these facts are taken into consideration, it will be clear that Japan must make her way southward, and make it at once, for there is no time to be lost.

Since the formation of the new government in Siam, the attitude of the country towards Japan has become exceedingly friendly. Siam had always been favourably disposed towards Japan, but was unable to manifest her friendship because of British and French influence, which prevailed during the past thirty or forty years. The new government is anti-British and anti-French. The King who renounced the throne is now in London.

Great Britain has been deeply interested in this political change. As the new government are well aware that Britain desires a restoration of the old regime, they are convinced of the advisability of depending upon Japan. That is the chief reason for the sudden *rapprochement* between Japan and Siam.

The quaint discrimination between benevolent and Imperialistic expansion is being played for all it is worth in Japanese comments upon the Italo-Abyssinian war. The following quotation from a magazine article by Mr. Yasaburo Shimonaka reflects a view which is widely held today.

Our activities in Manchuria were calculated to protect our neighbour from the White Imperialist encroachment, while the Italian action in Abyssinia represents the pressure of White Imperialism upon the coloured races of the world.

Some intelligent Europeans have begun to realize the inevitability of the downfall of European civilization and the consequent rise of Asia. They have come to realize that the material civilization of Europe is one-sided, and that true civilization is accomplished only when mechanical progress is combined with the spiritual civilization of the East.



An important part of the nationalist programme, particularly in military circles, is a radical scheme for domestic reform. It is actuated in part by considerations of national defence ; but it arises also from the religious conviction that Japan's world-wide mission is contingent upon her own righteousness. A brief sketch of the now famous domestic outlook of the political wing of the Army may be quoted from an essay by Mr. Sumio Kobayashi, a leading publicist in close touch with military opinion :

The reason why the army has decided to concern itself with political, economic, and social affairs is that the present deadlock in all branches of national affairs would, if allowed to continue, undermine the existence of the army itself.

The army is dissatisfied with the unevenness of profit distribution ; with the widespread unemployment of the masses ; with the decline of the small industries and agriculture ; and with the weakness of national control.

There is no room for doubt that the army is opposed to capitalist economics. It is opposed to a system governed by considerations of profit-making instead of by the national interest.

Most of the problems that dominate Japanese thought at the present time are touched upon in one or the other of the preceding quotations. If they are vexingly inconclusive, that again is characteristic. It is quite impossible to say, even for a resident of Japan, where faith ends and self-deception begins. But so it has always been in the early stages of a nation's career. No historian has yet been able to decide convincingly whether a certain faith or philosophy was the cause of historic action, or merely its afterthought and justification. The ideology of Japanese nationalism appears to be, at this juncture, an insoluble mixture of the two. One thing only is clear : it is no longer possible for Japan to turn back. That, too, is well known to thinking Japanese. As a final quotation, here is a prophetic statement by Mr. Yosuke Matsuoka, who, as Japan's chief delegate at Geneva at the time of the Manchurian " incident ", was a leading protagonist of expansionist policy. Before taking over his new post as President of the South Manchuria Railway, Mr. Matsuoka wrote in the *Chuo Koron* :

I have a foreboding that Japan's activities now in progress may, in the face of developments in Soviet Russia and conditions in China, precipitate the greatest crisis Japan has ever met with in her national career. And she will be in a position from which she cannot withdraw, no matter how

great the crisis, when once it begins. Such is inevitable fate. It will determine Japan's destiny in the world.

It is possible to question the inevitability of the conflicts which Mr. Matsuoka, in common with many other extremists, predicts. But there can be no doubt about the extent and depth of the crisis which they would produce in Japan.

[Tokyo, November, 1935.]

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### DAWN

Strange to leave the secret joy  
And light a candle in the dark,  
To grope toward the door, and stay  
In fear before a world frost-grey,  
While thoughts of sullen duty lurk  
Behind the tremor and touch of sleep,  
And memory of a whispered gift.  
Was it this made Psyche weep,  
And Eros linger as he left?

RICHARD CHURCH.

## CROWNED DEMOCRACY IN GREECE

BY MICHAEL P. A. LANGLEY

**I**T has been said that the million and a half Greeks who voted in favour of King George II during the plebiscite of November 3rd did so because they dared not risk the consequences of taking a red republican voting slip from booth tables presided over by Royalist clerks and armed soldiers. It would be equally true to say that the Greeks have grown tired of a recurrence of political upheavals and have demanded the return of their King because they see in George II the pacifying and unifying force which will give stability to the country. But in Greece individualist interests count for much more than in countries where society has hardened into distinctive classes. The social order has greater flexibility, so that when an influential section of the community needs a change, that change, or revolution, can usually be effected if it carries with it a wide and direct personal appeal. And the appeal of the Royalists has been largely to the emotions of a people who can easily be brought to focus a nationalist fervour on a conception of kingship as represented in the cherished memory of the present monarch's father, King Constantine.

In the better perspective in which Greek politics may be viewed today, the last two decades of republican rule stand out as a period which essentially belonged to M. Venizelos. By supporting the Allies during the Great War he seized a chance which brought him external respect and, more important, the help of industrialists, shipowners and wealthy merchants, all of whom owe their enrichment to the discernment of the anti-monarchist Cretan. Then with the abortive revolution of last March it was seen that liberal tendencies which owed their strength to the War and its immediate after-effects had, as in so many countries, petered out. The machine contrived by Venizelos gave a last splutter and drifted back downstream to



the 1914 mark, or, if one prefers a less ominous date, to 1834, when Otho, first king in modern Greece, rode into Athens, entering by the Arch of Hadrian, adorned for that occasion with a wreath bearing the inscription: "This is Athens, the city of Theseus and of Hadrian, now of Otho". With George II the cycle may be said to be complete and monarchy again assured of an innings so long as it can keep on the right side of the army, navy and air force.

Like King George, who returned to his country on the Greek cruiser *Helli* on November 25th last, Otho, the Bavarian prince, also came by sea. He was brought to Nauplia, then capital of Greece, by the British frigate *Madagascar*, commanded by Sir Edmund Lyons, second British Minister in Greece. But not everything that is washed in from the sea stays long upon the shore, and within barely ten years a particularly disagreeable wave broke over Otho, almost carrying him off in the autumn of 1843. He had ruled as an autocrat; his German father having insisted that no other form of monarchy was worth the name. The Greeks thought differently. Then, as now, they wanted a constitutional king. They would not be dictated to in matters such as the Cretan question, already, as Palmerston had in 1830 predicted, developing into the problem which it remained until in 1913 Crete was finally ceded to Greece by the Treaty of London, which concluded the first Balkan War.

Otho agreed to the demands for a constitution. Britain and Russia, both "interested Powers," supported the claim and, as has ever since been the case in Greek revolutions, the army were to prove a deciding factor, only willing to obey when, with the rest of the nation, they could cry: "Long live the Constitutional King". Otho could do nothing but accept this interpretation which the people had put upon his power. Henceforward he was to be less lonely, sharing troubles with Ministers as well as with a childless Queen, Amalia, brought also on a British frigate from Germany. The name of this princess is commemorated in the gardens, laid out largely to her design, a place of top-heavy pines, palms, shrubs and labyrinthine paths in which the modern Athenian delights during lunch and evening hours.

Though King Otho proved a most conscientious worker in

the cause of Greece, his conversational ability, as visitors found, was limited to "Have you seen the Parthenon?" . . . "Did you climb the Acropolis?" . . . And the Greeks did not like this. They regarded him as "lean-witted and dull". He was indecisive and his wife "an Amazon who rides miles before breakfast to bathe, puts court ladies of whom she is jealous on to dangerous steeds, and rules the roost and the man who ought to rule Greece". In a different light Amalia appeared as a woman of "queenly deportment" whose head, neck and shoulders were ablaze with diamonds and flowers; a fine sight when at a ball she was led out to dance the polonaise with a gentlemanly and graceful boy. "But", adds this contemporary, "the Queen attracted less attention than the boy." For her partner was Prince Alfred, Duke of Edinburgh, who, partly because of the impression he made when visiting Athens in 1861, was voted King of the Greeks by a majority as overwhelming as was given to King George II in the plebiscite last November.

At that court ball Queen Amalia could hardly have thought this young midshipman would have the opportunity to usurp her husband's place, yet in the very next year the King was gone and the Greeks were searching, as always, for an honest administrator who might make "a model kingdom of the country". Queen Victoria would not allow her second son to rule from so uncertain a throne; but in return for the compliment paid to her family she presented the Ionian Islands to Greece. And it is interesting to recall that at the time this gift was regarded as a bait thrown out to bring the Morea, Athens and the whole Greek world under the protection of the British flag. Today Greek wiseheads consider that Britain will be satisfied with the annexation of two or, perhaps, three ports as new naval bases for having sheltered their King!

It need hardly be said that a revolution accounted for Otho, one of the usual bloodless *coups d'État*, achieved in this instance while the King was yachting off the coast of the Peloponnese. After failing to procure Prince Alfred, the Greeks found as a successor a son of the Danish King Christian, Prince William of Sonderburg-Glücksburg, brother of the late Queen Alexandra, who at eighteen acceded to the throne as George I, King of the Greeks. George I was probably the greatest success of any

monarch in Greece. He was a democratic king and, like William IV, who used often to stroll unattended in the St. James's district, he would walk the streets of Athens conversing with shopkeepers and occasionally turning into a *taverna* to eat. During constant tours through the country, then bandit-ridden and difficult to travel in, he won his people just as did his son who, while leading the army against the Turks, conducted at the same time what amounted to a crusade against his own officers. "We shall eat neither better nor worse than our men", King Constantine is said angrily to have declared when shown into a staff tent sumptuously prepared for his reception.

Half a century after his accession, King George I had not ceased to take active interest and part in the welfare of his people. Within a very few months of his jubilee anniversary he was, in fact, at Salonika, a town fermenting with the excitement of Balkan War victories which almost doubled the area and population of Greek territory. And then one day in March, 1913, shots were fired from an assassin's gun. Without uttering a word King George I died, and the irony of this democratic king's fate was that he was killed while taking an afternoon walk, chatting as he went with friends and to those who, in the best Greek custom, demand an audience with their kings and ministers of state.

Constantine's lot was perhaps harder than his father's. He died in exile; his brother, Alexander, succumbed to a monkey bite in October, 1920. A new political cycle began, to end a few days ago when a policeman, whom I saw standing in an Athens square, seized the revolver of a monarchist demonstrating in favour of George II and himself fired it off into the air, thus sounding the starting gun on a new marathon, withal an obstacle race.

What hazards the returned King is likely to encounter during the course of this new lease of the Greek throne possibly neither he nor his closest counsellors, such as M. Streit, would care from one week to another to predict. But George II has shown himself firm from the start. He feels, perhaps, that it is useless to rule as a constitutional king before composing those elements which might remain an open and lasting sore in the body politic. And so, against the wishes of his sponsor, General Kondylis,



King George has signed an amnesty pardoning civilians and government officials concerned in the revolt of March last.

The King's leniency could hardly be expected to gain the approval of those who formed the Cabinet at the time of the arrival of George II. General Kondylis and his military junta, which included Generals Papagos and Reppas and Vice-Admiral Oeconomou, may feel a little uncomfortable at the thought of the reappearance of opponents whom they bitterly denounced during the plebiscite. Kondylis's position was indeed unenviable when some weeks before the King's return a certain Monarchist paper began to publish scandalous episodes in the "King-maker's" career during the Macedonian campaign. As Regent, General Kondylis at once ordered that reference to incidents in Greek history between 1916 and 1929 cease to be made in the daily press. But no amount of suppression of this kind could hush up the fact that Kondylis used always to be a declared republican, his example itself being an encouragement to Greek political careerists, whether attached to the Tsaldaris, Metaxas or Theotokis factions, all scrambling for power at the time of the return of King George II.

None of these professional politicians has found a place in the new Ministry formed by the King. They have to wait for the elections in the New Year when, under freer conditions than those prevailing at the plebiscite, certain of them may return to high office. Meanwhile the affairs of Greece have been entrusted to a group of non-party men under the leadership of M. Demerdjis. The task of this Cabinet is to act as a stop-gap while excitement subsides and the air is cleared for elections which may provide a more accurate indication of Greek political sympathies than did the plebiscite. Acquainted with the methods of constitutional government in Britain, King George II wishes his people to be given this chance to express their true political views. In doing so he is placing himself in a non-party and politically disinterested position such as is enjoyed by King George V. At the same time the peculiar circumstances which characterise Greek politics do not allow the comparison to go farther. In England no serious doubts as to the loyalty of the army can be said to have arisen in modern times. But the ruling powers in Greece find it very necessary to cultivate the favour

of the armed forces. Ever since General Kallerges demanded constitutional rights from Otho in 1843 until last autumn, when General Kondylis poured ridicule on the Republicans, the Greek army has shown a downright spirit, turning, as a rule, on some personality whose only concern has been one of political ambition. It is true that the armed forces swore allegiance to King George II in the Athens Stadium shortly after the decision to call upon him to return. But the King will know that the support of his army does not depend upon an oath or a succession of oaths, but rather upon the popularity of the monarch with officers and his success in avoiding the alienation of so shrewd a personage as General Kondylis. In lesser degree the same is true of the rank and file; but the peasant conscript, like his parents at home, is usually Royalist. Monarchy, he feels, he can understand. Republican government, as it has been practised in Greece, he rightly regards as the framework for the chaotic movements of sharp-tongued politicians who arouse suspicion and resentment in his simpler nature. Moreover, this renewed interest of the countryfolk in whatever is afoot in Athens has its very real issue in the plans for decentralization which are attracting wide interest in Greece. The object is to retard the flow from rural districts into the capital, to give a greater measure of local authority to the governors of six newly delimited provinces and, by the encouragement of farming, to balance agricultural development with the industrial and mercantile activities which centre around Piræus, Salonika and Patras.

It is possible, then, that during the next few years a programme of social reconstruction, based on a certain national stability, will divert attention from the vast coffee-house quibble which for twenty years, at least, has shaken Greece. For the Hellenes are a people who will never submit for long to a dictatorship; who are best served by a flexible constitution such as King George II is attempting to evolve. They want peace and an opportunity for orderly development. They want stable conditions which will give fuller scope for attention to business affairs, held in high respect in Athens, where the social and commercial fabric would now seem to be fairly proof against political upheavals.

## RHODES AND CYPRUS

BY STANLEY CASSON

IT is astonishing how soon a romantic place loses its halo of romance. In the Middle Ages, and to some extent in Greek and Roman times, the lovely island of Cyprus was a byword of poets, an enchanted isle more lovely than Aea, woven into a hundred tales and sagas, always on men's lips. But a couple of generations of Venetian incompetence and three hundred years of Turkish suffocation have pushed it into oblivion. In 1878 it was leased to Great Britain by Turkey, and in 1914 formally annexed. Yet for all those years during which British rule has controlled the island hardly anyone has even hinted at the fact that here, in this small Crown colony, we possess one of the most famous islands in the world, the prize of a hundred expeditions from the days of the forefathers of Agamemnon down to the rich and grasping times of Venetian imperialism. For nearly three thousand years men have looked on Cyprus as some quiet seagirt paradise, and with that as their creed have striven to get there and stay there and die there. Yet the same island falls unnoticed into our Imperial basket almost without a sound, and we still do not realize that there, hidden by more obvious or more luscious fruit, is the Scarlet Apple that once half the world was seeking for—the Kizil Elmas of Turkish legend, which some took to mean the great City of Byzantium, others Rome, but which in reality was probably just an oriental alternative for Eldorado.

Here, anyhow, is our Golden Apple, and we seem hardly aware of it. The paradox that an island famed for thousands of years for its loveliness and its romance should have faded in memory, so that to the average Englishman today it is little more than a half-forgotten derelict island suspected to be both exceedingly arid and probably malarial, can only be explained on the ground that the island as a geographical entity has broken loose



in ordinary recollection from its literary and historical associations.

The average man associates Cyprus vaguely with Aphrodite, knows that in the Middle Ages certain French kings ruled it and built their castles there, and that it was inhabited by Greeks, Phœnicians and Persians. But there the average man's information stops. What he does know, however, thanks to an untiring tourist propaganda, is that the neighbouring island of Rhodes is a gem set in an azure sea, incomparable in its quiet charm, adorned, not by mossy ruins, but by an almost perfect mediæval fortress-town of the Knights, with walls, gates and hostels intact, one of the wonders of the Levant. For countless cruising-liners visit Rhodes, drop anchor off its sea-walls and discharge a thousand tourists a week in the summer months, to see how perfectly managed is this small Italian possession. The tourists duly admire the ancient fortress, are led by the Italian guides to see what is so picturesquely called "the Ghetto", a name given by the Italians to all that part of Rhodes not inhabited by Italian officials, and return to their ship convinced that the Italians have made a perfect beauty spot out of the island, that they have provided a new pleasure resort in the Mediterranean, and that their administration of Rhodes is a model of broadminded and paternal control, under which the native Greeks flourish as they never have in Greece itself.

Alas, this pretty picture is false in almost every detail. But it serves Italy well. The same tourists then proceed in their ship, coast past the tawny shores of Cyprus, and reflect sadly that here is a poor, neglected island where the ancient castles crumble into ruins under our rule, forgotten and unappreciated, where the poverty-stricken native Greeks groan in despair, envious of their more fortunate brothers of the Dodecanese.

The facts are far otherwise. Rhodes is an island about one-fifth the size of Cyprus. It has two ancient towns only, Rhodes itself and Lindos. Lindos is, for the most part, an ancient Greek site of great beauty and importance, which was scrupulously and admirably excavated by a Swedish expedition. To the ancient buildings of Rhodes itself the Italians have devoted a vast amount of money and time in restoration. They have done this partly out of sound archæological appreciation and partly in the belief that it is wise to emphasize the fact that once in

the past Italian knights held the island against Turkey, for that original Italian domination may convince tourists and the less critical that Italy holds what Italy held (even if history is distorted a little). To create that impression will be useful, for there are some who believe that the Italian claims to occupy the purely Greek islands of the Dodecanese are as fictitious as they are dishonest. The tourist, landing at Rhodes, would indeed find it hard to detect that the island was inhabited by Greeks. On the quay he is met by Italian carabinieri, his luggage is seized by men wearing Italian uniform, who speak no word of Greek, although they are Greeks, and he is then hustled into one of two hotels which perfectly duplicate the whole atmosphere of the Lido. Indeed, by the building of these atrocious buildings the Italians have effectually counteracted all that they have done to beautify the old part of the city.

Penetrating into the "Ghetto" one at last discovers that there really are Greeks on the island, who speak Greek. But they are pushed back into the background, and you will hear little enough Greek spoken in those parts near the harbour to which tourists usually go. At intervals, to emphasize still more that they are Greek only on sufferance, you will observe the Italian gendarmes encouraging, quite firmly, the natives to give the Fascist salute as the tourists pass.

As for the Greek Orthodox church, you simply do not notice it at all. Indeed, it might not exist, although the Greek inhabitants are firmly and immovably devoted to it and fundamentally hostile to the church of Rome. Up on the hills behind Rhodes town is the Abbey of Filaremo. Few would think that this pretty Italianate name hides the true and ancient Greek name of Philerimo, "Lover of wilderness", named probably after some Byzantine hermit. Still less would they think that the lovely abbey of Italian Gothic that now stands on the heights, golden and mellow and ancient, was not there five years ago! True there were some foundations and ancient ruinous walls; from them, with the aid of ancient drawings and copperplate illustrations was reconstructed the whole lovely abbey as one sees it today. Nor is it quite finished yet. And full praise must be given to the architects who have done this very lovely reconstruction. As in Rhodes town, the restorers of the ancient

buildings of the island have exhibited a perfect genius. In England we have no architects who can restore with such fidelity, or who can recreate the feeling and colour of an ancient building, so that one is hard put to it to say whether it was built yesterday or six hundred years ago.

I will not touch on those measures of repression, often brutal and savage, which the Italian authorities have employed from time to time to suppress the native outbreaks that periodically occur. These risings are in nearly every case due to suppression of religious privileges or to over-taxation. The Italian forces invariably use firearms on such demonstrators and there are always fatal casualties. But true information is very hard to obtain, for news about such risings is always suppressed.

What is the nature of the taxation imposed on the natives I do not know. But the restoration of the ancient monuments of Rhodes and the rebuilding of places like Filaremo must be costly. What I do know is that the tourist is unmercifully taxed. Any tourist who is so charmed by Rhodes that he decides to leave his tourist ship and spend a week or two in this Mecca of tourists will be called upon to pay no less than eight pounds sterling for the privilege of landing, in harbour fees and charges.

Landing at Cyprus is a pleasant process. A pinnacle runs to your ship to inspect passports. At the stern of the pinnacle floats the Blue Ensign, with the two scarlet lions of Cœur de Lion on the field, the flag of the island. Up the gangway come men in British uniform, but they are all Greeks. The passport officials and the customs officials are alike Greek, and you see no Englishman at all at the port, except by chance. Here is a profound contrast with Rhodes. In Cyprus the Greeks at once appear, freely talking their own language, obviously content and perfectly happy to be serving an alien empire. In place of the strutting carabinieri from Rome and Naples you will see the smart sergeants and constables of the Cypriote police, all native born. In a word, the Cypriots run their own island. As you proceed inland you will not see, indeed you will probably not expect to see, the Byzantine churches displaced by nice new churches of the Church of England! There is one such at Nicosia for the use of the English, and a hideous building it is. But I saw no others.



Landing in Cyprus one notices at once that one is here in a place which was of great importance in the Early Middle Ages. At Rhodes almost all the buildings which are not of classical Greek or Roman date are of the fifteenth or sixteenth centuries. In Cyprus the great age of romance and kingship, after the Greek and Roman periods, was the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. And wandering round Cyprus, from Nicosia to Cyrenia or Famagusta, one sees countless mediæval churches, castles, abbeys and cathedrals, many almost perfect, none over-restored, some ruinous, but all of the highest quality of architecture. And at once one realizes that, whereas at Rhodes the Italians have one small city in which there is only one large building—the Infirmary of the Knights—in Cyprus the British administration has under its control fifty or sixty French mediæval churches, two cathedrals as large as, say, the cathedral of Wells, three immense castles on mountain peaks—Hilarion, Kantara and Buffavento—one complete or almost complete abbey—Bellapais—with cloisters, refectory, church and dormitory, and as well sixty-seven large Byzantine monasteries and several thousand Byzantine churches, ranging in date from the ninth to the fourteenth century and in size from mere chapels large enough for a score of people to quite large buildings.

And so to gaze with admiration at Rhodes and to ask “why do not the British authorities do as much for Cyprus” is to ask them to do a task twenty times as arduous and expensive. And the trouble is that Cyprus, never a rich island except in antiquity, could not conceivably raise the money for the restoration of all these ancient monuments at once. As it is, the administration is doing its best to deal with the situation and a good deal of expert restoration is being done by officials, who are aided by expert masons sent out by the Office of Works. But the task is immense.

It is not my purpose to give a description of the great mediæval buildings of Cyprus. To see Gothic arches in the setting in which one has usually seen Doric temples is a strange experience, the more strange since in Cyprus the blue of the sea and the grey hills and hot yellow plain are to Englishmen or Frenchmen an unusual background for Gothic architecture. I am convinced that it was Richard Cœur de Lion who first started the vogue for

Cyprus in the Middle Ages. He was, I imagine, sufficiently well acquainted with the classics to remember the Cyprian goddess of Paphos. Probably that determined him to marry Berengaria of Navarre, who landed on the south coast of the island, near Limassol, almost at the same time as Richard. But his honeymoon was a quick business. He married on May 12th, 1191, and on June 5th was again off to the wars *en route* for Acre. But during that brief honeymoon he contrived to capture, or have captured for him, the Byzantine fortresses of Cyrenia and Kantara, to imprison the Byzantine king Isaac and to organize the island under an English Justice and Sheriff. Evidently Richard had not too much time to spare for romance, although he was sensible to it.

Certainly the Lusignans who succeeded the English domination were more deeply moved by its romantic character. Without considering their history one can tell from the nature of their castles that here, more than anywhere in the world, mediæval romantics found their heaven. The royal rooms of the queens who stayed in Hilarion look over what is one of the incomparable views of the world. The bastions and towers of the castle now, as then, rise from the midst of pine forests : from the northern and eastern windows the residents saw a view like that seen by an eagle. Straight below the windows is a sheer fall of a thousand feet : below that is the lovely coastal plain, patterned with fields and olive groves and bordered by a white-edged sea of ultramarine. Hilarion is the only castle in the world that exactly resembles the dream-castle of fairy tales.

But Cyprus had an earlier age of chivalry of which we now learn only from the most recent research. It was a famous centre of the knights and chivalry of Homeric times. It has long been known that the Cypriots were deeply affected by the culture of Crete and Mycenæ, and that Mycenæan life in the island was rich and prolonged. But only in the last few years has it become known, as a consequence of the translation of the Hittite records found in Asia Minor, that Cyprus was a rallying point for Mycenæan imperialism, a concentration centre for the great move against the east of Mycenæan raiders. From Cyprus, Mycenæans raided Pamphylia and Cilicia opposite and caused alarm to the Hittite kings of the fourteenth century before Christ.

From Cyprus also must have set forth the commerce or raids that established Mycenæans as far east as the Gulf of Alexandria, where in the last few years their remains have been found. Our views of Homeric Greece now have to be enlarged. Homeric chivalry was not solely concerned with the Aegean and the plain of Troy. From Cyprus set out many an expedition as serious as that to Troy. Egypt as well as Asia Minor were raided. The story of the raid of Odysseus on the Delta, preserved in the *Odyssey*, gives a picture of the kind of raid that must frequently have descended from the shores of Cyprus.

Our enlarged knowledge of the status of Cyprus in Homeric days suggests that in this island may be found the clues to many obscurities in Aegean pre-history. Perhaps the hitherto undeciphered Minoan script may yield its secrets to the persuasions of Cypriot discovery. For Cyprus is the only place in the Mediterranean where the Minoan script seems to have survived into Hellenic times. During the Mycenæan period inscriptions in a version of the Cnossian script are found cut on many objects of art or use. The script employed corresponds closely with Minoan and is apparently a provincial version of the Cretan. After the fall and disappearance of the Mycenæan world and the establishment of Hellenism proper, a script closely connected with this early Mycenæan script reappears. Perhaps it had lain dormant and been preserved by priests and bards during the troubled times that intervened between the fall of Mycenæ and the resettlement of the Greeks. However this may be, we find that during the sixth century a script was in use that bore no relation at all either to Greek letters or to any other current script of the ancient world. It is used by Cypriot kings for the superscriptions of their coinage, for dedications on stone and for inscriptions on metal. It was as currently in use in the island as Greek down to as late a date as 300 B.C. The only parallel that I can suggest is the current use side by side in some parts of Romanized Britain of ordinary Roman script and the native Ogham. No difference of race is implied, and the parallel of the contemporary use of Greek and Hebrew in Palestine would not be a good one, for there Greeks employed the one and Jews the other. In Cyprus a homogeneous population had two alternative means of writing, one inherited from ancient Crete,



the other given by the later arrivals from mainland Greece. But the Cypriots had been Greeks from Homeric times. In Cyprus, then, we may expect, if not a clue to the decipherment of the Cretan script, at least an enrichment of our knowledge of Aegean writing. Indeed, the whole question of the position of Cyprus in Homeric times is one which increased excavation in the island can solve.

Rhodes, like Cyprus, was a secondary centre of the Mycenæan expansion. But in antiquity the histories of the two islands are vastly different. Cyprus maintained herself aloof from excessive contact with Greece and retained her character more than Rhodes. The individualism of Cypriots and their adherence to tradition are astonishing. Cypriot peasants of today have changed their life but little since the early Bronze Age in the third millenium B.C. In any village you will still see the potter making large, gourd-like vases, without bases, of the same texture, shape and colour as the Bronze Age vases of so long ago. The typical Cypriot water-jug of today is made on a "tumbler" basis. It will only stand still if placed in a box, for its base is globular. Transport of jars of water on mules is done by placing these vessels in rectangular frames or boxes. Cypriot village-houses are today built of sun-dried bricks of exactly the same dimensions as the bricks employed in buildings of the sixth century B.C. Votive figures in churches are still made out of clay, identical with the votive dolls found in a hundred Cypriot Greek shrines. The strong and virile Greek stock of the island eradicates from age to age what is unessential. In the faces of the modern Cypriots you will now see little to remind you of the French, the English or the Italians who passed over its stage for a few fleeting moments. The bluest and oldest blood that runs in their veins, and perhaps the most persistent, is that of the old Achæans.

## EBB AND FLOW

BY STEPHEN GWYNN

### *A Monthly Commentary*

**I**N this disordered world it is pleasant to note some sign of rational endeavour finding popular support, and the restored monarchy in Greece looks as if example would be given there—not in the easiest field. Faction is the curse of democracy, and Athens, where democracy got its name, if not also its origin, has always been the nursing ground of faction. Yet in Athens, a king, not new to kingship, has courageously determined to override the violence of faction, and his people, with the army, are backing him. Few outside of Greece itself can have followed with understanding the play of Greek political forces ; but all Europe can see the significance when the most famous of Greek republican leaders welcomes the monarchy back because of the spirit in which it is exercised. The remarkable article contributed by “Pertinax ” to this REVIEW’s last number disclosed, what was unknown to the mass even of political students in England, the part played in the present crisis of the League of Nations by two statesmen delegated from Rumania and Czechoslovakia. “Such ”, he wrote, “are the prestige and authority which attach to great political intellects even when they are enlisted in the service of secondary states ”. If Europe is to be in some measure a commonwealth—and to make it so is the true purpose of the League—none of us can be indifferent to an amnesty which brings M. Venizelos back into public life, since all Europe recognizes in him a great political intellect. It may be that the day for his direct effective activity is past, as it appears to be past for Mr. Lloyd George ; but the insight, the knowledge and the experience of such men can never be without influence while they are within the political framework of their country. That influence may be exercised through the activity of others ;

#### **The Greek Restoration**

and in Greece the King has decided that there shall be no proscriptions. Whatever intellect there is in Greece is to be available for the service of Greece, and possibly of Europe. That is the antithesis of faction, which always wants to put its opponent down and out for ever.

In England proscriptions are proscribed, though the attitude of the Labour Party to Mr. MacDonald and his son show that the desire for them is not extinct ; Mr. Greenwood in the debate on the Address made an ugly speech, cheered with the same ugly vindictiveness by the benches behind him. These manifestations were much out of harmony with the temper of the new House of Commons, which appears admirably and typically English. Colonel Wedgwood, in an address to the Historical and Literary Circle of the Devonshire Club on December 6th, spoke of the History of Parliament on which he and others are engaged. It was to be

a monument to those tens of thousands of men who had gone to build up Great Britain, our Constitution, our good name, and who had created the British character as it was today. It was just as well they should show a pride in the freedom of their institutions and put a stop to the miserable attacks of stupid people upon them. It was about time that England itself said their institutions were better than any others in the world.

That is valiant talk ; and it comes at a moment when the world at large would be more disposed to accept it than at any time since Queen Victoria's second Jubilee. It is also a moment when, in this freedom and through this freedom, one Englishman wields more authority than any Prime Minister has possessed within the memory even of those members of Parliament who sat with Mr. Gladstone ; and in all that list of Prime Ministers none has been so typically an Englishman. Three were Scots, one a Welshman ; Mr. Asquith was too strongly marked with the impress of the law to be a normal type ; and neither Mr. Gladstone, Lord Salisbury, or Lord Rosebery was much more like the average Englishman than Lord Beaconsfield, who also comes into living memory. No one of these men had Mr. Baldwin's gift for the easy-going good humoured conduct of business which is England's speciality ; just as it is conspicuously lacking among the brilliant endowments of French genius. With it goes,



however, a certain—the unkind call it laziness : a desire to take time for digestion ; a cheery don't-bid-the-devil-goodmorrow-till-you-meet-him disposition : a lack of that thorough preparation for contingencies in which the Germans shine. All these characteristics carry elements of danger, and Mr. Baldwin has them all. But if a leader of this character commands the confidence of his country, he is the type of man under whom a national government is most practicable for a democracy, even in peace time (when it is hardest), because his good humour is an antidote to faction, keeping temperatures moderate.

No doubt as this Parliament proceeds, discussion will be a good deal livelier than in the last. The Speaker in his observations after re-election noted and deprecated a tendency to deliver set speeches instead of the impromptu cut and thrust which make real debate ; but that was a natural growth in so lop-sided an assembly as the last, and is likely to disappear when the opposition can muster more than a third of the House, and is more of a piece than it was. England is steadily working back to the old two-party system, in which a change-over is possible without any violent upheaval, as it used to be. For the present, that assurance is not clearly in sight, and this fact is seen in the election results. A National Government goes out, after four years, and is sent back with a majority still undeniably too large, if it were to be the government of a party, but none too big if it is to mark security against a threatened crisis. Thousands of men and women in all constituencies, who would certainly vote against a government headed by Sir Henry Page Croft, voted for Mr. Baldwin's candidate. They might perhaps feel that Mr. Clynes, for instance, represented their desires better than the Baldwin combination ; but they do not feel sure that Mr. Clynes could limit the enterprise of his allies, who might alter English society out of all recognition ; whereas Mr. Baldwin will keep on moving towards many of the ends which Mr. Clynes also desires. For this reason Mr. Baldwin and a National Government get a new lease of power. But also, the tendency to give it them was certainly strengthened by a feeling throughout the electorate that this was a bad moment to change horses. Even in France, where faction has been

**The Face of  
Parliament**

running riot, the disposition to draw together in face of external danger has made itself perceived.

For it is a danger to put the curb on the warlike operation of a great Power whose blood is up ; and that is what the nations in the League are doing. Reports reach one  
 The that Italy has lost interest in the Abyssinian  
 War war, and is concentrated solely on its struggle against the League. The war was bound to be tedious. Soldiers who knew the ground calculated that to complete a conquest of Abyssinia would be a task of three years, assuming that the contest was only between Italy and Abyssinia. So far at least the Abyssinians appear to have realized fully how to make the task most difficult and neutralize the effect of all the modern machinery which Italy has and they have not. The longer the war lasts, the greater the financial strain ; and now Italy finds itself hampered by measures to restrain its trade, and consequently to cripple its finances. But a new factor is in sight which threatens to cut off the most essential of all supplies for a highly mechanized expedition. If there is any right in the world, nations possessing oil have a right to refuse to sell it for purposes which they condemn. Yet such a refusal is what would have always been termed between nations an unfriendly act. How can Italy resent or resist the unfriendly act of between forty and fifty nations acting together under a Covenant which Italy herself has signed ? The obvious answer is, by allying herself with those Powers which stand outside of the Covenant, and possibly with those which have refused to put the Covenant into operation against war. That calls up the picture of a very ugly situation, and it is probably the contemplation of it which put a sudden stay on faction in France.

M. Laval does not personally command in France anything approaching the confidence which Mr. Baldwin receives in Great Britain, and throughout the British Dominions.

Will M. Laval  
 Prevail ?

Nor indeed does any French politician. But M. Herriot, probably the most respected and certainly one of the ablest, who stands a little further to the Left than M. Laval, has made it plain that he will take no hand in

changing the control at such a time. We could not be certain about France while a financial crisis made a great part of the democracy frightened of Communism, and this part of the people prepared to resist by force any government allied to the Communist wing. An armed and disciplined organization of ex-service men appeals to many sympathies ; but if it is outside the control of government, the stronger and more competent it is, the greater the danger to the very principles of a democratic state. The Left demanded, and were justified in demanding, that the various leagues should be put down ; it seemed probable that M. Laval must lose support either to the Right or Left of the Centre. Then, almost incredibly, the leagues themselves recognized the central truth that privately controlled armed organizations are the mark of an imperfect civilization. They agreed, no doubt in private negotiation, to hand in their arms, provided the disarming applied all round. From the Croix de Feu came the first offer, answered by the Socialist and Communist representatives : M. Laval seized the opportunity which he had created and rushed in measures embodying the compact. Unhappily the relief was only momentary : faction reasserted itself, and before the measures could be passed the Left departed from the spirit of them. Yet the odds are that M. Laval will prevail, for the public reception of the first news made it plain that France was behind him.

How far the principle of co-operation between states, greater and lesser, for the ends of a common civilization can be carried

**No Check upon Japan** is a question for the future, but we certainly do not lack reminders of the need. Japan has moved again, encroaching upon China. If the United

States were not by its own choice isolated from the rest of European civilization, Japan would not move so confidently, and might be restrained if she moved. As things are, there is little prospect of any check but what may be imposed by a sense of her own interests. In Japan there is no trace of the idealism which leads the League of Nations to resist war of aggression because it is war ; there is exuberance of the idealism which glorifies war of conquest, and has always glorified it—an idealism still vigorous in at least two great European powers. Further, over and above



the military difficulties of offering resistance to Japan's forward movements, there is the fatal weakness of China's situation : a vast territory claims to be one nation, claims to be protected by the League as one nation, and yet has no government that can exercise control over the whole. In the abstract, there is a strong case for allowing this unwieldy bulk to be split into manageable portions. Japan has cut off one fraction, and now proposes to detach another—in the name of autonomy. Setting aside the modern principle which condemns conquest by force, who can be sure that civilization is not advanced, that human beings will not be better off, in consequence of these operations ? But there is no prospect that even if North China, with Peking for its centre, comes under Japanese influence, like Manchuria, this will satisfy Japan's desire for expansion. It will indeed give her a secure and perhaps exclusive market for the products of her industry, but not an outlet for her population. These lands are already too full. Western civilization must be combined and organized, as it is not today, if a check is to be imposed on the will and energy of these formidable Easterns.

In short, there are external problems enough before British statesmen and the new Parliament to which they have to answer. Not less urgent are the internal ones.

**Support for  
the Miners** Mr. Baldwin, speaking for the first time after the electoral victory, tempered his cheerfulness when he pointed to the black spots in Great Britain. He insisted that these should not only get support in their old trades but also have their share of the new industries which an organized system of Protection has fostered. Since then has come the announcement that three-quarters of a million is allotted to finance approved schemes for new works in South Wales, and that other schemes for as much more were well advanced. Yet these are sops, though substantial ones, and through all the mining industry runs the angry growl of discontent ; and in the fourth day of debate on the Address, Unionists as well as Labour men indicated support for the miners' view of the case against the coal owners. The average wage paid was stated to be barely over two pounds a week : the increase asked for would leave it well under three pounds—raising the average from £115 to £140 a

year ; and it was urged by Mr. Jenkins, the Labour member for Pontypool, that the price paid at the pithead did not represent the coal's real selling value, since in effect the mine-owners sold much of it to themselves for supply to the consumers through some subsidiary undertaking. In general, both sides of the House showed discontent with the present distribution of the results of labour—in agriculture no less than in mining. An old Tory, perhaps still more an old Liberal, would have held that rank Socialism was talked from start to finish, and that Lord Eustace Percy, who summed up for the Government, was little better than the rest of them.

But assuredly times have changed when the University of Oxford returns a member who stands as an Independent, and whose chief interest is to make divorce more cheaply attainable. Noting Mr. A. P. Herbert's candidature, and remembering what had befallen Prof. Gilbert Murray in the same constituency (not to mention another case close to my heart), I plumped for him, thinking that it would go to prevent the forfeiture of his deposit. My surprise on learning that Mr. Herbert was returned as Lord Hugh Cecil's colleague was great, but nothing to what I experienced when, on going in to look at the new House on the second day of its sitting, I found Mr. Herbert already on his feet and in full career when proceedings had hardly opened. He had jumped with most unconventional celerity at a chance which a new member could hardly have been expected to perceive, and was opposing the motion to take away the Fridays of this month from private members. Using this as a pretext he told the House all that he, as a private member, wanted to say about divorce. He got applause and much laughter, but he also got sympathy. The Liberal leader who followed him spoke of a "witty and weighty speech"; an old member with whom I was renewing memories said to me that it was original and was sincere; that members liked that combination and Mr. Herbert would in time be able to fill the House "as Tim Healy used to do". But it will be interesting when the two members for the University speak on Mr. Herbert's bill, if he gets the chance to introduce it; for it is not likely that Lord Hugh Cecil

**Mr. Herbert's  
Crusade**

will allow the voice of Oxford to be given entirely for making divorce easier ; and when Lord Hugh is aroused there is no sharper spear in debate.

I have just been reading a book which disposes, and is meant to dispose us, towards reflection on these phenomena of changes,

among which Mr. Herbert's election is notable. **The Return of Barchester** Father Ronald Knox, as everyone knows, is not an Anglican divine, yet was brought up in most clerical Anglican surroundings ; and in those surroundings the novels of Anthony Trollope were much esteemed, especially that long series which centred about the imaginary cathedral city of Barchester. It has amused Father Knox to continue the history of Barchester and its society by a series of episodes in which the characters are supposed to be descendants of the personages whom Trollope created some eighty or ninety years ago ; and he assumed in writing them not only the style, but the mind of that writer whom he considers to be " *the* novelist of the Victorian era ". This feat he has accomplished with extraordinary skill, giving us, of course, his own reactions to the traits of manners and of character and to the social changes which he studies, but giving them in such a way that they seem to flow from the nature of that bluff, hearty Englishman who had so much of the Conservative in him and so much also of the rough common-sense Radical. Those who know their Trollope (and such people should not be so scarce as Father Knox suggests in his preface, for there was a sort of Trollope revival ten or fifteen years ago) will find the book diverting, even if excessively genealogical. They will also value the homage implied to a notable example of artistic creation.

Trollope was a clumsy writer, clumsier even than Scott at his worst, and lacking wholly in that poetic quality without which no novelist attains to greatness. But he had the quality which a writer exquisitely accomplished and shot through with poetry, Miss Rose Macaulay (in her *Personal Pleasures*), speaks of as denied to herself. He could create people so real to him that they live with him. The proof of it is that they live with us. This is nowhere else quite so evident as in his Barchester novels, and the extraordinary fact is that Trollope evolved Bar-



chester out of his inner consciousness. He was not, like Father Knox, born and bred among rectors, deans, and bishops, and when he wrote *The Warden*, first and in some ways best of the series, he was a Post Office official discharging his duties strenuously in an Irish district where they could be combined with a deal of fox-hunting. The first novels that he published dealt with the life that surrounded him ; it offered exciting material, and he knew it in a sense intimately. A famous Irish politician once said to me that *The MacDermots of Ballycloran* was the best Irish novel ; meaning, I think, that it gave the best account of Ireland in the days of the Ribbon Lodges. *Castle Richmond*, written several years later, is a fully documented study of the Irish famine, seen through the eyes of a government official. Yet neither of these works nor *The Kellys and the O'Kellys* comes to life.

But while Trollope's life was still lived in Ireland as it had been for ten years, re-organization of postal districts needed a new survey ; he was sent over to finish another man's

**Old Friends  
from Trollope**

work in the West of England, and so chanced to pass a few days in Salisbury. The contrast to all that he had lived among, in Banagher and such like places, was well fitted to set a man's mind working ; and when he went back to the wild and ultra-Irish, it was of this sheltered life, peaceful and well provided among long transmitted beauties and pieties, that he began to write. Instinctively, in that part of the British Isles spiritually, politically, temperamentally, historically most remote from England, he set to imagining the society which might exist, which must exist, in such a place as Salisbury, and the motives and characters which would in such a place come into play. Now his pen worked under a genial impulse : it gave life. He could not have documented any of his Barchester novels, but they held more truth than a hundred blue books. There are no villains in these stories ; but there is ambition, and at least what approaches to being intrigue in clerical circles ; there is generosity and there is meanness ; there are gentlemen and there are cads ; there is not heroism perhaps, but sacrifices are made for conscience' sake ; there are promptings, reasonable and even beyond reason, of honest pride. If there was one thing

with which Trollope had special sympathy, it was the pride of those who, by the world's measure, cannot afford to be proud. Whether it is an Englishman's pride or an Englishwoman's, his heart goes out to it. And in all his works, but specially in these, whatever quality may manifest itself in an action described by him, it is always unmistakably an English manifestation. Mrs. Proudie could no more be anything but an Englishwoman than Archdeacon Grantley anything but an English gentleman. Yet the central figure in the opening book Mr. Harding the Warden, shy, sensitive, musician to his finger tips, ill-equipped for any combat such as his son-in-law the Archdeacon welcomes, is just as much as the other an expression of England and of Barchester. These people are old friends, living today for Father Knox and for many besides him—perhaps even more alive than Major Pendennis or Colonel Dobbin, because Trollope has created for them a background with which they are of a piece; to which they belong, as not even Becky Sharp belongs to her time and setting.

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## ILLUSTRATED BOOKS

By R. H. WILENSKI.

**LE MORTE DARTHUR**, by Syr Thomas Malory. *Shakespeare Head Press*. Two vols. Half leather, £9 9s. Whole leather, £9 15s.

**THE WRECK OF THE WHALE-SHIP ESSEX**. With Introduction and twelve wood engravings, by Robert Gibbings. *Golden Cockerel Press*. £2 2s.

**SO FAR SO GLAD**, by Edward Selsey. Illustrated by Edward Carrick. *Duckworth*. 10s. 6d.

**THE DIARY OF A MADMAN**, by Nicholas Gogol. With aquatints by A. Alexeieff. *The Cresset Press*. 30s.

**HEARTSEASE AND HONESTY: PASTIMES OF THE SIEUR DE GRAMONT**. Translated by Helen Simpson. *Golden Cockerel Press*. 12s. 6d.

**A TRUE TALE OF LOVE IN TONGA**. Told in 23 engravings and 333 words by Robert Gibbings. *Faber*. 3s. 6d.

**HANS ANDERSEN. FAIRY TALES AND LEGENDS**. Illustrated by Rex Whistler. *Cobden-Sanderson*. 7s. 6d.

**FOUR TALES FROM HANS ANDERSEN**. With woodcuts by Gwen Raverat. *Cambs. Press*. 3s. 6d.

The most sumptuous of these books is *Le Morte D'Arthur*, produced by the Shakespeare Head. This is a collector's book and a contribution to scholarship, since it makes accessible the text and woodcuts of Wynkyn de Worde's edition of 1498 which came between Caxton's edition of 1485 (fifteen years after Malory's text) and Wynkyn de Worde's second text of 1529. There is dual appeal also in *The Wreck of the Whale-Ship Essex*—an elegant book (except for what seems to me an inexcusably cheap and nasty binding); the destruction of *The Essex* by a malignant whale, and the sufferings of the survivors are here described in accounts given by the ship's mates and

**THE PAINTED CUP**, by Barbara Bingley. With wood engravings by Lettice Sandford. *The Boars Head Press*. 12s. 6d.

**PRIMEVAL GODS**. by Christopher Sandford. With wood engravings by Blair Hughes-Stanton. *The Boars Head Press*. 10s. 6d.

**READING INTO THE PICTURE**, by Edward James. Illustrated by Jörg v. Reppert-Bismarck. *Duckworth*. £3 3s.

**FOUR HEDGES. A GARDENER'S CHRONICLE**, by Claire Leighton. With 88 wood engravings by the Author. *Gollancz*. 10s. 6d.

**FORTY DRAWINGS**, by Horace Brodzky. With introduction by James Laver. *Heinemann*. 8s. 6d.

**ANIMAL DRAWING**, by Frank Medworth. *Faber*. 12s. 6d.

**PEOPLE IN CHINA**, by Ellen Thorbecke. With Photographs. *Harrop*. 15s.

**THE NEW ARCHITECTURE**, by Walter Gropius. With Photographs. *Faber*. 6s.

**THE HOUSE. A MACHINE FOR LIVING IN**, by Anthony Bertram. Illustrated by A. G. Wise. *A. & C. Black*. 5s.

the captain—accounts used, it is said, by Herman Melville for *Moby Dick*. The engravings in this book and in *A True Tale of Love in Tonga* reveal the artist's vigour, originality, and wit. *Heartsease and Honesty* has some historical importance since it contains Miss Simpson's translation of letters and poems by the Sieur de Gramont, steward to the Duc de Richelieu (great-nephew of the Cardinal) and, as a collector's piece it comes in charming form—black type with red ornaments, and a red flowered paper on the cover. *Reading in the Picture*, *Primeval Gods*, and *The Painted Cup* are collectors' pieces, the last two ornamented with wood engravings in the



Leon Underwood tradition and the first (which breaks from time to time into apple-green type) with drawings that lack decorative significance though they render the nineteenth-century romantic spirit of the poem.

I am, I confess, a little tired of the silhouette effect in contemporary book decoration, and I enjoyed, as a change, the pen drawings by Edward Carrick (Gordon Craig's son) in *So Far So Glad*.

These drawings are in excellent accord with the silvery effect of the Bruce Rogers Centaur type, and Mr. Carrick should be much in demand hereafter as an illustrator of gay and imaginative books. I regret that he was not selected for one of the illustrated editions of Hans Andersen produced this year to mark the centenary of the first tales.

For Mrs. Raverat's woodcuts (which depict the Princess on one mattress!) are too Germanic for my taste, and Rex Whistler's work (in what may prove the standard popular edition for some time to come) seems to me depressingly Victorian. It is arguable, of course, that the illustrator in such cases should throw his mind back to the period and recapture the author's images. But can this be done without resorting to *pastiche*? I prefer the system adopted by M. Alexeieff, who has used one of the

idioms of our day in his delicate aquatints for Gogol's *Diary of a Madman*.

Frank Medworth, however, might have a word to say on Alexeieff's rendering of horses and dogs, because in *Animal Drawing*—an intelligently written and most interesting book—he would have the artist study the bones and muscles of each species, and how the hair grows, and he would have him know, as Ruskin desired to know, not only the structure

of the lachrymatory glands of rattlesnakes but also the occasions which move rattlesnakes to tears and the consolations under which they are induced to dry them. Mr. Medworth himself remarkably omniscient in these matters, writes of bears, birds, horned animals, horses, dogs and the cat tribe, adding numerous



LOVE IN TONGO.

diagrams and drawings. Horace Brodzky, on the other hand, implies the case for the subjective comment in his *Forty Drawings*. He is not mainly concerned to acquire objective knowledge and record it; he is concerned to apprehend, vividly and in his own way, some fragment of life that seems to him emotive, and to comment on that experience by means of a linear symbol which he seeks to make as single and instantaneous as the experience itself. His drawings from the nude consist for this reason of single sensitive outlines

which serve as *ad hoc* moulds for the happenings which occasioned them.

No photographs could give the subjective comment contained in Mr. Brodsky's drawings. But the camera, placed close enough to small objects, can prove an admirable illustrator—witness the photographs which Madame Thorbecke, wife of the former Netherlands Minister to China, has used to illustrate her *People in China*. This book has a poorly drawn Chinese face on the cover, and a title drawn in "Chinatown"

which the camera can give. Miss Leighton, as an artist, has pluck, industry and originality. But she tries (it seems to me) to give her work the quality of a wood engraving, plus the quality of a black on white silhouette, plus suggestions of specific colour, plus complete descriptions of specific forms in a particular light and shade, plus suggestions of the spirit of English gardening, plus echoes of the *Good Words* and *Once a Week* tradition in English art. She uses every tin in her larder for the



SO FAR SO GLAD.

lettering; but it does not live down, fortunately, to the level of this exterior. Madame Thorbecke writes informed and sympathetic word pictures of modern Chinese types—(the rich Industrialist, the perplexed Student, the Child Bride, the Peasant, the Sing Song Girl, the Rickshaw Coolie, the Aristocrat, etc.)—and adds in each case a large, close-up, unfiddled-about-with photograph, which is credible because untouched. The engravings in Claire Leighton's charmingly written and enthralling *Four Hedges* are so good in their descriptive aspect that they make me long for the still better descriptions of small objects

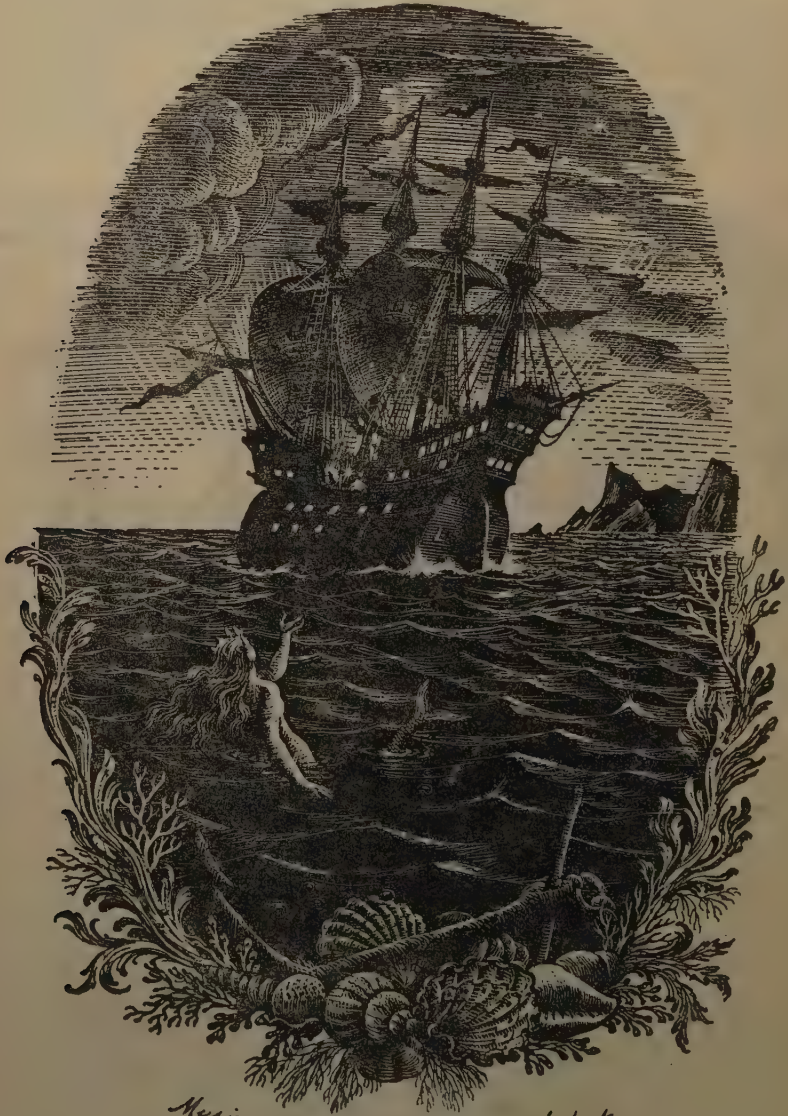
flavouring of every dish—and the flavours often cancel one another so that none comes to us in a superlative degree.

The camera is much used in books and publications about modern architecture and interior appointments. But for this work it has its limitations. Photographs of buildings tend in fact to be unsatisfactory because they show us not the building but only the effect of the building from one angle and in one particular light. Such photographs serve more to whet our interest in the building than to inform us of its nature as a whole. Mr. Bertram in *The House*



—a *Machine for Living In* has fallen back on line drawings to illustrate the progress of interior appointments from "ye olde times" to the present day. And there is also a good deal to be said for isometric and axonometric drawings as a means of explaining the contemporary

style in architecture. Mr. Bertram's book and *The New Architecture* are both useful as introductions to that style. Dr. Gropius in happier days was director of the Dessau Bauhaus. Mr. Bertram gives a bibliography for those who want to go further.



*Music & Song resounded from the deck*

HANS ANDERSEN. FAIRY TALES AND LEGENDS.



## BEDDOES

By LASCELLES ABERCROMBIE.

**THE WORKS OF THOMAS LOVELL BEDDOES**, Edited with an Introduction by H. W. Donner. *Oxford University Press*. 25s.

**THE BROWNING BOX**, Edited with an Introduction by H. W. Donner. *Oxford University Press*. 15s.

**THOMAS LOVELL BEDDOES: The Making of a Poet**, by H. W. Donner. *Oxford: Basil Blackwell*. 18s.

WITH these three volumes, the achievement, and, let us hope, the reputation, of Thomas Lovell Beddoes may be considered to be at last securely and solidly—very solidly—established. After close on a century of comparative neglect, Beddoes now suddenly assumes the status of a poet who is the subject of a weighty and scholarly literature. That is the work of Dr. Donner. It is his exact and learned and sensitive industry that has enriched English studies with this remarkable mass of Beddoes literature. Thereby Oxford does noble though tardy justice to one of the strangest, and most profound and brilliant, of her sons: the work was done there; vital material, by private piety and good fortune, was there preserved; and there were the publishers (and what can a scholar do for letters without publishers?) willing to substantiate Dr. Donner's efforts to put Beddoes at last in his rightful place in the process of English poetry. Quite literally, these three volumes must enormously outweigh everything that has hitherto been printed of Beddoes' work, or about Beddoes: and physical weight in this case is certainly an index of importance.

It cannot be said, however, that Beddoes up to now has been altogether neglected. Ever since in 1850, the year after his death, his friend, Kelsall, published a version of his masterpiece, *Death's Jest Book*, and followed it in the next year with a miscellaneous collection, Beddoes has been at least a name; and anthologies have kept his name alive, and given it a peculiarly individual savour. Browning's admiration was well known; Gosse justified it by his two-volume edition of *Poetical Works* in 1890, and by the delightful *Letters* in 1894 (the poet was one of the best letter-writers of last century). Above all, Ramsay Colles added Beddoes to *The Muses' Library*; a cheap one-volume edition, almost as complete and textually quite as good as it could be at that time, which made generally accessible the amazing wealth of Beddoes' genius. Nor were the critics silent; and from the best and the most scrupulous of them all, Oliver Elton, came the strongest testimony to Beddoes' singular virtues. Yet for all that, common consent has not yet accorded him anything like the reputation he deserves. Moreover, for the best part of his work, the text could not be regarded as satisfactory; and from the first his biography had been tainted by mystification and inaccuracy. All this has now been set right by Dr. Donner; the rest should follow.

In the first two volumes, Dr. Donner appears as an editor; they are both model specimens of the editor's art, and deserve the highest possible praise.

The *Works* are as reliable and probably as complete a collection of Beddoes' writings as we shall ever have: in every sense, this is the definitive edition. Serious students of Beddoes will be hardly less grateful for *The Browning Box*, which contains the biographical material bequeathed by Kelsall to Browning, used by Gosse, and lost by (apparently) Browning's son: fortunately a transcript had been made by Dykes Campell, whom Browning had infected with the Beddoes-virus. This transcript Dr. Donner has scientifically edited with an invaluable introduction, an astonishingly exhaustive compendium of information. But its appeal to the general reader will not, perhaps, be very strong. The most startling thing in it is the "grotesque likeness" of Beddoes drawn by Kelsall's ten-year-old son. The poet, by a sort of spiritual caricature, is figured as a skeleton: how did the boy come to divine what Dr. Donner calls the "skeleton complex" in his father's friend?

Dr. Donner's life of Beddoes cannot be so unreservedly praised. He has missed a great opportunity here, by forgetting that "the half is greater than

the whole". What was wanted was a portrait of Beddoes' fascinating mind and a clear account of his extraordinary life. Certainly the life of a poet must continually refer to his poetry; but that should always be governed by biographical purpose. No doubt there was room also for a minute and learned critical examination of Beddoes' poetry; but surely as a separate publication. Dr. Donner has mixed up two quite different kinds of work in one formidable volume, into which he has poured everything he knows and thinks about Beddoes; and in the result he has swamped the biography rather disastrously. But at any rate, taking the three books together, we now have all the available facts complete and undistorted, and all the available poetry complete and uncontaminated. English studies owe Dr. Donner a very large debt of gratitude. As an example of the new riches Dr. Donner's edition adds to English poetry, the following exquisite lines may be extracted from *An Unfinished Draft*; they should be in every future anthology:

A thousand birds are breaking  
Their prisons silently;

A thousand birds are making  
Their nests in leafy tree;

A thousand babes are waking  
On woman's breast today. . . .

Whence come ye, babes of flowers, and,  
Children, whence come we?

*The snow falls by thousands into the sea.*

A thousand flowers are shedding  
Their leaves all dead and dry;

A thousand birds are threading  
Their passage through the sky;

A thousand mourners treading  
The tearful churchyard way

In funeral array:

Birds, whither fly ye?—whither, dead,  
pass ye?

*The snow falls by thousands into the sea.*

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## STATIONERY



**FACING TWO WAYS**, by Baroness Shidzué Ishimoto. *Cassell*. 12s. 6d.

By opening a birth control clinic in Tokyo, in March 1934, Baroness Ishimoto achieved some part of the work which she had set herself as a Japanese modernist. Whether her limited objective will prove to be the means of her wider influence, it is impossible to conjecture usefully; and she concludes the autobiography now appearing without making any claim beyond the establishment of the clinic. The reader can hardly accompany her through her story without wishing her endeavours all the fortune that should befriend a personality so courageous, definite and philanthropic. At the same time, present circumstances in Japan do not seem over favourable to her campaign. Baroness Ishimoto admits that: "The issue of Manchuria . . . changed the entire social and political situation in the country. Even liberal citizens were hushed by the rise of militarism. The feminist movement suffered a great setback."

Reformer as she is, inspired and instructed by Western example, Baroness Ishimoto represents all that has been so generally admired in the women of Japan; and the title of her book perhaps does not imply a crisis so much as a compromise. She describes with great patience, knowing her foreign reader, the ceremonious traditions which have been a part of her life; she is by no means inclined to disregard their value. Flower arrangement, for example, is here, and the tea ceremony. Of the former art she says:

"Finally the flower instructor's degree was given to me with an esoteric manuscript in which forty-five secrets of handling flowers were written by the master's own hand, and a name—a flower name, so to speak—was also bestowed upon me. . . . So this old master still comes to my mother's house and I escape once in a while from all the arguments and mundane vexations of my hurried modern life into

the silent beauty and peace of the flower philosophy."

Upon her marriage Baroness Ishimoto went with her husband to live at the Miike Colliery in Kyushu; for three years they shared the conditions of the miners there. This experience was soon followed by a visit to America, where the Baroness equipped herself for secretarial employment, and met Mrs. Sanger. The meeting aroused in her the idea of her own "mission" in Japan. She lost no time when she was again in her own country, but her path was not the smoothest: "I could not hope for sympathy from friends whose eternal moral code was feminine sacrifice." Another tour abroad convinced her that "the American women held the most enviable position of all women." She returned to organize a women's suffrage movement, but the petition presented to the government in 1927 was not welcomed. By 1930 a "Bill for the granting of civic rights to women" made better progress, but the House of Peers threw it out. "Thus encouraged, the feminist organizations redoubled their zeal, and this was their most flourishing time"—but then came the Manchuria excitement.

Since that interruption, Baroness Ishimoto has made a lecture tour in America. She describes her position in a vivid contrast: visiting friends who had collected a great many fine examples of Japanese art, she "found it possible to rest, and for a time forget the changing world," she "was just a daughter of a samurai again." But, she proceeds, "I came sharply up against the present through my renewed association with Margaret Sanger the Invincible. In her clinic I studied intently the latest methods of birth control." The tour has helped her to meet her difficulties in Tokyo with new spiritual and practical energy, of which this autobiography and its narrative of a social purpose is attractive evidence.

EDMUND BLUNDEN.



DIPLOMACY AND PEACE, by R. B. Mowat. *Williams & Norgate*. 10s. 6d.

"DIPLOMACY" is one of those words corrupted by popular usage into a travesty of the thing itself. It conjures up in the mind of the unthinking multitude a picture of dilettante aristocrats devoting to good living and social amenities, spiced with intrigue, time and talents that should be spent in concerted efforts to eliminate war. Persons of keen intelligence and wide culture, too, may be heard reviling "the old diplomacy that brought about the War", and calling for replacement of the diplomats by untainted tribunes of the people. But that is to confuse policy with negotiation. It is the business of the statesman to frame a policy which is in accordance with the interests of the nation: the role of the diplomat is to operate that policy and adjust it with the policies of other "sovereign" States. That this calling for which a certain type of civil servant is required should be associated with Society and the high-born is, after all, the accident of history which fashioned the monarchical State as the European norm. There is nothing—except a solid barrier of tradition—to prevent diplomacy becoming a career open to all the talents. The impact of democracy is visible in the blurring of the line of demarcation between policy and negotiation since 1919. But

"the essential fact about the diplomatist still is that he represents his sovereign. It is [in Harold Nicolson's phrase] the incidence of sovereignty which has shifted from the monarch to the people."

Professor Mowat is rather coy about this democratic intrusion. He sees clearly the danger of the State representative, because of his class and wealth, being out of touch with his public and suggests that one remedy would be the obligation to supply more information about the day-to-day business instead of

the pointless agreed communiqué which has become nowadays the *obligato* accompaniment of international conferences. But it is quite clear that the esoteric traditions of this profession, its formalized code of behaviour and style of language, which to the plain man are a source of irritation or quiet amusement, exercise upon the author's mellow eighteenth-century mind an irresistible fascination.

In his title Professor Mowat is really pandering to the popular delusion. He even goes so far as to affirm that, because in war-time diplomats are sent packing, "war is the negation of diplomacy, which means contact without arms"—an adroit piece of special pleading contrasting oddly with Frederick the Great's statement that "diplomacy without arms is like music without instruments". Nor does he fail to repeat the trite claim that the diplomatists, while serving the interests of their State, pursue a general interest, namely, peace and international "comity".

Actually, of course, diplomacy—"the art of representing States and conducting negotiations"—has in essence nothing to do with peace. Ethical considerations simply do not enter into it. They are, as the French say, *d'un autre ordre*. Hence the disillusionment that has now set in for those who expected the use by Foreign Ministers of Geneva as a convenient meeting-place, instead of the pleasant watering-places which were in vogue in the nineteenth century—the author includes, by the way, a sprightly chapter on "Spa Diplomacy"—to bring about a magical change in the time-dis honoured practice of power-politics and its fatal consequences.

Professor Mowat echoes Mr. Harold Nicolson in testifying that the supposed contrast between the old and the new diplomacy is moonshine—how the latter phrase bears the stamp of the wistful optimism of 1918-19, when the world

was assumed to be making a fresh start ! What he fails to see is that today the representation of sovereignty is itself an anachronism, now that, through the impact of Science and Propaganda, the political problem has become essentially one of saving the world *from* democracy.

Several chapters display a certain charming erudition. But as a book it is bogus and unsatisfactory, because of that fundamental confusion of primary and secondary values evinced in the title. The price of peace—which has an ethical colour and context—is the supersession of power-politics. That is a task for statesmen embodying the will to peace of the inarticulate millions and providing, outside the diplomatic sphere, the necessary peace-making and peace-keeping institutions of an impartial, international character. It cannot be shirked because one of its effects will be increasing unemployment in the diplomatic profession.

W. HORSFALL CARTER.

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**THE RETURN OF THE DARK INVADER**, by Captain von Rintelen.  
*Lovat Dickson & Thompson. 9s.*

AMONG the waifs and strays of the Great War there is no more picturesque figure than Franz von Rintelen. The story of his sabotage and other exploits as a German Admiralty agent in "neutral" America in 1915, and its aftermath, his capture by the wiles of the British Secret Service, followed by four years' "hard" in the penitentiary at Atlanta, U.S.A., has already been told—and well told. *The Dark Invader* was an uncommonly interesting document. And not the least piquant feature was the revelation of the warm regard in which the author of so much mischief came to be held by Admiral Sir Reginald Hall, Chief of our Admiralty Intelligence Service, and other enemy chiefs. The present volume, by contrast, shows the

ingratitude of his own Fatherland where, partly for reasons of state and partly from petty personal motives, this ex-naval officer—as patriotic and loyal a German as ever there was, for all his cosmopolitan connections—has been consistently slighted and cold-shouldered.

From the early summer of 1921, when the knight-errant of Imperial Germany returned to a drab, dispirited and morally disrupted Reich, up to the present period of mob-rule tempered by military discipline, Captain von Rintelen has been regarded by the authorities in Germany as "the man who knew too much"—and treated accordingly. His attempt to re-open the enquiry by the Reichstag Committee into the events of 1915 in order to rebut imputations contained in the evidence of Count Bernstorff, former Ambassador in Washington, and his Military Attaché, Herr von Papen, was foredoomed to failure; likewise the ill-timed criminal charge of "perjury and treason in time of war" which was promptly suppressed when von Papen became Chancellor. We read here of a prolonged tussle with bureaucracy for arrears of payment due, of the quiet intervention of governmental agents, first with the famous publishing house of Ullstein, then with another well-known house in Munich, to prevent publication of the German edition of the author's life-story, etc. The exposure of Herr von Papen and others is accompanied by an illuminating conversation with the egregious Dr. Schacht in 1921, who, in an excess of democratic zeal, said to the author, "Don't talk of patriotism and patriotic duty—they belong to a past which we all hope will never come back"! But the material is really a little thin for another book and, apart from the questionable taste of washing dirty linen in public, this record of *querelles allemandes* soon becomes somewhat tedious. B. W.



**CONTACTS**, by D. F. Radford. *Shakespeare Head Press.* 4s. 6d.

**HARLEM, AND OTHER POEMS**, by William Rose Benét. *Methuen.* 2s. 6d.

**THREE DAWNS AGO**, by John Thompson. *Methuen.* 2s. 6d.

PEOPLE who want always to be entertained by a full orchestra are too expensive in their taste, and they are apt to lose a pleasure that is more easily obtainable, the pleasure of minor poetry. One of its special delights is that it comes unexpectedly, and with a certain modesty that adds to its charm. Such modesty I find in the verses of D. F. Radford. I remember a previous book by this author. A certain cool clarity and purity of line has left in my mind quite definite recollections, and I have turned to this second volume of verses with expectation that has not been cheated. Here is a poet with a sense of poetic cadence, that consciousness of structure underlying the more immediately tangible effects of rhythm. This cadence is difficult to define. It might be called the intellectual rhythm, the equivalent in verse to the paragraph in prose. It shows the mental grip, the architectural foresight of the poet, and it is more satisfying than mere sensuousness and the too-easy warmth of phrase and syllable. I can give an example of this fine sense of structure. Here is the last wave, or paragraph, from a poem called *The Quarrel*. Notice the good use of the short line, its contrast with the tumbled rhythm of the long line, and the creation by this contrast of long and significant pauses (what Coventry Patmore called "bars' rest" as in music).

"Fury redoubled;  
Infinite woe;  
Pain's dragging ache,  
Anger dulled to an ashen glow;  
Then wanly as winter-warped dawn  
Coherence creeps over the rayaged waste;  
Mind with torn mind converges, repieces

The whole fragmented by fury of hate;  
And calm broods  
Like the wide emptiness of snow.  
Peace is re-won,  
But only the bruised mind knows  
With what regret  
For hideous depths laid bare;  
For beauty branded with the beast's  
mark,  
For beauty remembering ever and ever  
The beast's lair."

This quality, and the careful choice of rhyme, and the delicate use of assonance, show that Miss Radford has taken the trouble to learn the craft of versification. Her success in filling the well-made vessel shows that the gods have looked favourably on her labour.

Both Mr. Benét and Mr. Thompson are quiet writers who are content to express the more domestic and social emotions in verse nicely suited to the subject. The coat being cut according to the cloth, the reader is left with a sense of pleasure. Each is an artist with good taste, aware of his own capabilities. Here is Mr. Benét's confession.

"I, they say, am sane, but no key of  
mine unlocks  
One lock of one gate wherethrough  
Heaven's glory is freed.  
And I stand and I hold my breath, day-  
long, yearlong,  
Out of comfort and easy dreaming ever-  
more starting awake—  
Yearning beyond all sanity for some  
echo of that Song  
Of Songs that was sung to the soul of the  
madman, Blake!"

And here is Mr. Thompson's.

"Today, when walking in the street,  
I looked right down each trousered leg  
To the big pendulums of my feet,  
And suddenly to myself I said  
How strange it is that I should need  
All this belly and bone to hold  
A pinch of brain so frail and small  
And a web of nerves so thinly spread."

RICHARD CHURCH.



**WILLIAM PITT**, by Sir Charles Petrie, Bt. (Great Lives.) *Duckworth.* 2s.

**PALMERSTON**, by E. F. Malcolm-Smith (Great Lives.) *Duckworth.* 2s.

By a happy chance these two aristocrats and statesmen appear together in this more than handy series; the one, Pitt, statesman first of all, and aloof; the other, an aristocrat, and great-hearted, who happened rather than was set upon politics and the Premiership. Palmerston will always be loved by the biographers who are not scandalised by his apparent irresponsibility: he is a good subject in which his politics (other than Court politics) need not play the dominant part. The statesmanship of the younger Pitt is still debated. The question: Was he really a great statesman or not, is one on which the verdict of our historians, especially our Whig historians, does not wholly convince the critical.

Sir Charles Petrie, a monarchist, and therefore the happy antithesis of an arwhig, is both good and balanced on this issue. While he knows that these eighteenth century statesmen were usually made out to be much greater men than they were, because their privileged position lent its dignity of office sometimes to quite small fry among the few eligible to receive it, he affirms:

Pitt looked at the progress of events in France from the point of view of a British statesman, and to the very last he hoped that it would not be necessary for him to interfere. . . . Pitt proceeded cautiously, with his eyes firmly fixed on the interests of his own country. . . .

What a relief this sane definition is after the wearisome exaggerations of Whiggish encomiasts! Patriotism has been called "the religion of the English", and the younger Pitt was a fine exemplar of its truth. His economies at the Exchequer were remarkable at a time when Ministers were expected to rifle the public purse without shame or secrecy, but decency rather than greatness explains them; and honour in

public life ought not to receive our wonder, even if it be rare. The life and the achievement are well balanced in this book, perhaps the best of its author's shorter works, and of permanent value to this series. It required more than a gift for personal biography to have it summarised in this convenient compass so well.

Palmerston, popular with the spirited half of England, remains anathema to the nonconformist conscience and the pacifist party; and Mr. Malcolm-Smith does well to remind us that the latter school of sentiment, which succeeded the epoch of Palmerston, has encouraged less than justice to a memory that is an easy target for the provincial type of mind. He substantially endorses Shaftesbury's verdict that Palmerston's two objects were:

the institution of a true and vigorous policy abroad suited to the honour and position of England, and the extinction of the slave trade, and that both were founded, not only on his personal intense love of freedom, but on his deep and unalterable conviction that civil liberty all over the world would be good for the human race. To those objects may be added the maintenance of peace in Europe.

"A daring pilot in extremity" was equally true of him in private life: a story impossible to fumble, and well told, too, here. Could we still breed another such? OSBERT BURDETT.

## THE ARYAN PATH

### PRINCIPAL JANUARY CONTENTS

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LONDON, W.1.

**AMERICANS IN ENGLAND**, by Prof.

R. B. Mowat. *Harrap*. 10s. 6d.

THIS puzzling book is the result of a devotion to the cause of Anglo-American friendship and is in the main a catalogue, with commentary, of those celebrated Americans who have visited England and left some mark upon English social, intellectual and political life. To Englishmen it is gratifying that so many distinguished men like Franklin, Emerson, Irving and James (to mention no others from Professor Mowat's extensive list) have liked England; to Americans brought up in the veneration of English tradition, the reception and mark of their countrymen will be equally pleasing. But why a *Who's Who*? Have we not read our Hawthorne, our Irving, our Emerson, and our James? Is there not an unfortunate valedictory suggestion in the recovery of these sentimental journeys? Of course, where sentiment for England exists, it is undoubtedly most demonstrative among Americans. Their affection for Stratford, the Temple, Dickensian Bloomsbury and the period villages of the Cotswolds is genuine. If they happen to like the English character they surprise even the self-sufficient Englishman by the classic solidity of their eulogies; and the tart-minded or self-deprecatory among us are unfailingly abashed. Yet, in recent years, we have had the impression that there is a new American who has not the traditions of these pious *littérateurs* and warm-hearted diplomats, and that Professor Mowat's book is a bit of a "Good-bye" to the good old times.

In Professor Mowat's favour it must be said that English and American relationships have so much in them that is taken for granted, that one is inclined to dwell on the dissimilar trifles rather than on the fundamental sympathies. Like the dull coal fire which a friend of Hawthorne's found the novelist miserably poking, they want a good poke now and then:

Bennoch seized the poker and with vigorous thrusts brought forth "a rustling luxuriance of brilliant flame." "That's the way to get warmth out of an English fire," cried Mr. Bennoch, "and that's the way to get the warmth out of an English heart too. Treat us like that, my dear sir, and you'll find us all good fellows."

Mr. Bennoch was right. The generosity and dignity with which George III received the first American Ambassador illustrates the point; and it was the same monarch who, in the midst of the War of Independence, reproved an English nobleman for taunting the American painter West because of an American defeat. West had replied vigorously, in the King's presence, that he could "never rejoice at the misfortunes of my countrymen" and George III replied, "Sir, that answer does you honour." In the War of Independence the New England coffee house in the City was never closed; and both West and Copley were painting their celebrated historical pictures in London, West under royal patronage.

It will be noted that Prof. Mowat's celebrities naturally arrived sooner or later into the best society, an achievement always gratifying to the travellers of any nation. James knew everyone. Page was awed on his first journey across the Atlantic by the ease with which the ennobled Englishmen with whom he happened to be travelling assumed the care of the world, had everything and knew everything, apparently without effort. He was led on to the conviction "that the only alert people are the aristocracy." He was seeing a selected and privileged group who had "the high art of living." Page was seduced by a certain glamour in English snobbery, but there is evidently something impressive in the airs of good English society; a function which I suspect is now partly fulfilled by the B.B.C., for I have seen the most patriotic users and upholders of Mr. Mencken's "American slangue,"



all attitudes of veneration before that new English peculiarity; the announcer's more-in-sorrow-than-in-anger accent, as he intones the first news bulletin.

One is sorry that there is no record of humbler travellers and humble receptions; the Rhodes Scholars are all in a heap—and there is no really contemporary record. Is it too early to begin on Mr. Sinclair Lewis or Mr. Mencken? Or an Aimée Macpherson? And what about the scores of American wives? Long residence gives them the right to speak. Pocahontas is Prof. Lowat's only one. The earlier travellers apparently with one accord left their wives behind. There ought to have been some ladies in the book and there ought to have been some complaints to enliven the eulogies. V. S. PRITCHETT.

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THE EUROPEANS, by Julian S. Huxley and A. C. Haddon. Cape. 8s. 6d.

One must have required great courage on the part of men of science to write this book, for it consists largely of confessions of ignorance and reproaches to the general body of science for its treatment of the problems of race. It is true that the latter are far less severe than the strictures passed upon popular fallacies, but the confession that the laws of inheritance discovered by Mendel are only now beginning to be taken into account in the study of human inheritance must have been a hard one for anyone concerned with anthropology. Apart from rambling and rather fragmentary account of the racial elements contained in the various nations of western civilization, this book consists of an exposition of the consequences of Mendel's discoveries and their effect, mainly destructive, upon popular and quasi-scientific theories of race and inheritance in human beings. Here we can do nothing more than indicate some of the more

immediately important of these consequences.

First then we must abandon the conception, which lies at the root of many theories whose authors imagine themselves to have escaped from scriptural influences, of a common ancestor for all men. It is, we are told, exceedingly unlikely that there has ever, at any rate since the evolution of *homo sapiens*, been anything corresponding in any way to a primal type or stock of men from which later types have diverged. Rather there have always been many types which have again always inter-bred fairly freely, so that not merely is there no race which can be described today as pure, but there never has been any. Mixture has always occurred, and owing to the fact that even recessive genes continue to be transmitted wherever they have once joined company with dominants, it is impossible ever to breed back to a pure type. Different "re-combinations" of genes will continue to occur in each generation in the same proportion as in the last. It should be hardly necessary to refer to the fallacies of the Nazi Aryan theories, but as things are, it is well to see it repeated once again that there is no such thing as a Aryan race, since the name refers to a group of languages spoken by peoples of very diverse characteristics from a biological point of view. Nordics, moreover, are nowhere, not even in Scandinavia, and certainly not in Germany, found in a state of purity any more than any other type or sub-species is so found.

These conclusions are negative, and so is most of the book, and such positive statements as there are are cautious and incomplete. They must necessarily be so in the present state of our knowledge. But besides great courage, this book also displays welcome evidence that men of science are at last awakening to a sense of responsibility for the social consequences not merely of their statements, but of their silences. A. W.



**I HAVE BEEN YOUNG**, being the autobiography of Mrs. H. M. Swanwick, with an introduction by Lord Ponsonby. *Gollancz.* 18s.

**LIFE ERRANT**, by Cicely Hamilton. *Dent.* 10s. 6d.

WOMEN have taught men much in the past half century. Among other salutary lessons they have taught us that we are not the sole repositories of political wisdom, particularly in regard to international problems, and that we have no monopoly of calm detachment, sense of justice or clear thinking. During and since the War there have been occasions when elderly statesmen have behaved "like hysterical women", and certain women—among them the authors of these admirable autobiographies—have kept their heads and preserved their mental balance unimpaired. A quality which Mrs. Swanwick and Miss Hamilton share in common is their detestation of the partisan. It was developed in both of them during the suffrage agitation, in which both played an active part. Mrs. Swanwick writes, in this connection, "The pure partisan bores me to extinction, because she is intellectually dead. . . . The deadly monotony of a partisan paper is almost criminal; its fundamental untruthfulness is quite criminal".

The circumstances of Mrs. Swanwick's birth and upbringing could hardly fail to give her an international outlook and no doubt did much to shape the course of her subsequent political activities. She was born in Munich, in the sixties. Her father, Oswald Adalbert Sickert, a painter and musician, was a Dane of Slesvig and had become a German citizen by conquest. Her mother was the offspring of a romantic union between an Irish dancer and a Cambridge don. When she was four years old, the family removed to England as Oswald Sickert did not wish his sons to be conscripted into the German army. Among the many friends of her youth were the four

daughters of Richard Cobden, Margaret Burne-Jones, Jennie and May Morris Oscar Wilde and Ellen Terry.

She first met Oscar Wilde when she was a child of fourteen and he a resplendent figure just down from Oxford, after winning the Newdigate.

"To my mother" [she writes], "Oscar was considerate and affectionate and rather courtly in manner. She was always fond of him and enjoyed his visits. Me, aged fourteen and accustomed to the unflattering frankness of brothers and the whiplash of a father's caustic tongue, he treated as a young woman. . . ."

When her father died in 1885 her mother nearly went mad with grief and refused to see anyone. Mrs. Swanwick's description of Wilde's unselfish kindness and sympathy, on this occasion, reveals an aspect of his character which has been too little appreciated.

Shortly after leaving Cambridge she married Frederick Swanwick, who had become a lecturer on mathematics at Owen's College, and went to live in Manchester, where she became a close friend of C. P. Scott and gained journalistic experience on the *Manchester Guardian*. She was drawn into the suffrage movement when it started, rejected militancy, like Miss Hamilton, and became the editor of the best suffrage paper, *The Common Cause*.

When the War broke out she devoted her energies to the Women's International League and the Union of Democratic Control, speaking at meetings in favour of peace by negotiation. These activities brought her into a close contact with E. D. Morel, which ended only with his tragic death in 1924. She succeeded Morel as editor of *Foreign Affairs* and conducted the paper with brilliance until she was forced into resignation by what a colleague described as "that intolerable committee". H. W. Nevinson's comment on this event was, "I think you are the first

ditor who has been 'shot under me', or being too good for the job".

After much useful work at Geneva, in connection with the League of Nations, Mrs. Swanwick now lives in retirement at Maidenhead, cultivating her garden. She has had a long career of devoted and unselfish public service which has brought her much spiritual, if no material, reward. And, at least, she is able to conclude this absorbing record of it by saying: "I have had a happy life, much work, many friends."

Miss Cicely Hamilton's existence has been nothing if not varied. She was the daughter of a soldier and had to begin earning her living at an early age. In turns she has been an actress, a journalist, a novelist, a successful but inadequately rewarded playwright—she made a poor contract for her memorable play, "Diana of Dobson's"—a suffragist, a student of conditions in post-war Europe and an advocate of birth control. Her life has been packed with "interests" rather than devoted to "causes", although "causes" have claimed a good deal of her time and energy. She is too much of an individualist, too Tory in her tastes, too disinclined to regard political opponents as, of necessity, fools and lackguards to have made a successful propagandist. She did a good deal of writing and speaking for the suffrage movement, but distrusted the blind *Führer* worship of the W.S.P.U. and in retrospect regards Emmeline Pankhurst as a forerunner of Hitler and Mussolini, on a smaller scale. During the War she was attached, as a nurse, to the Scottish Women's Hospital.

Although, like every other intelligent person, she is a convinced pacifist, her reserves of judgment made her suspect in the pacifist camp. If you refuse to do evil that good may come you must be prepared to condone it. Pacifists cannot be crusaders, to defend the weak against oppression by the

strong. "Associated Pacifists", as she points out, "like other associated human beings, have a preference for comfortable, orthodox views, and a corresponding objection to the views of the heretic". The truth of this few can know better than myself. This book is short, as autobiographies go; and, although it is illustrated, it contains no index. Miss Hamilton is an artist, and has been, for that reason, selective. But in praising *Life Errant*, on literary grounds, I must not seem to cast reflections on the long, well-indexed, and extremely important work of Mrs. Swanwick. Both these books will be read largely by women. It is essential that they should also be read by intelligent men.

DOUGLAS GOLDRING.

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## SELECTED FICTION

**OUT FOR A MILLION**, by V. Krymov. Translated by Malcolm Burr. *Allen & Unwin. 7s. 6d.*

**HUBERT'S ARTHUR**, by Frederick Rolfe, Baron Corvo. *Cassell. 12s. 6d.*

**DELINA DELANEY**, by Amanda M. Ros. *Chatto & Windus. 7s. 6d.*

THREE more dissimilar books it would be hard to imagine. They can only be taken separately, and liking one will probably mean being unfair to the others.

*Out for a Million* is a story of the Old Believers in pre-War Russia. It begins with dissipations on the imperial scale: the familiar scenes, officers, students, actresses in Gipsy restaurants; then we are taken back to the childhood of one of the characters for a long digression. At this point most readers will be inclined to put the book down. Later on it opens out unexpectedly into an amusing comedy of a millionaire in search of a bride. Whether it is worth reading for the laugh in the second part, however, I rather doubt. The book is interesting for its descriptions of Old Believers (not unlike the fundamentalists of the Middle West), for its picture of a Russian childhood, but these have too little to do with the story.

*Hubert's Arthur* will attract Corvo fans; personally I find the Baron sometimes better to read about than to read. This historical romance, an embellished imitation of old chronicles, describes what might have happened if Arthur, Duke of Brittany, had escaped being murdered by King John, and had recaptured Jerusalem from the Saracens. It is worth reading for its prose, the flavour of heraldry, the occasionally compelling digressions of the narrator.

*Hubert's Arthur* did not fascinate me, but Mrs. Amanda Ros's *Delina Delaney*, I confess, did. No other living novelist writes paragraphs like this:

"Continuing, he said:

Lady Mattie (heaven knows who died, or if anyone died and legacied

her the title) is one of those willowy-washy figures who keeps rushing into this room, that room, and the other room, wherever the deuce she finds a mirror to throw her image back to her in flattered fashion. She stands almost a six-footer, with her treadles thrust into shoes you'd swear once long ago belonged to a Chinese mad-man; her long, thin, wallopy legs enveloped in silken hose, with birds, fish, fowl, cabbage leaves, ay by Jove, with every species of animal, vegetable and mineral rainbowed in coloured fashion over their flimsy fronts.

"Then her garters! Ah! ha!

"How I remember one fine day finding a lost one that at a time had fastened itself, I presume, above or below the knee, and, thirsting probably for a dash of fresh air, broke loose, and there it lay. That garter! Composed of every colour, resembling the amethyst, opal, emerald, jasper, onyx, pearl and sapphire, terminating in a cat's face studded with diamonds."

Lord Gifford (this is one of his outbursts) prefers, of course, the love of a peasant girl; and Delina, "my darling virgin", wanders about an Irish countryside, where "the glorious rays of a tropical sun clasped Nature in their silvery and cheerful arms", between her mother's humble roof and the splendours of Columba Castle. She drops a half-sovereign in the road: "the golden coin had kissed the gutter". We see her first as a handsome young girl "fast approaching her sixteenth birthday". Her adventures, with Lord Gifford and Madam-de-Maine ("it was through her alone that I fell so far from virtue's path"), among "society-movers" and in prison, in London as well as Ireland, should not be missed. Those who liked *Young England* will enjoy Old Ireland.

G. W. STONIER.



## OUR CONTRIBUTORS

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**Denis W. Brogan**, who contributes the first article this month, is the author of *The American Political System*, a book which, when it was first published in America under the title of *Government of the People* (Harpers), was described by H. L. Mencken as the best work on the American political system which had appeared since Bryce's classic. His recent monograph, *Abraham Lincoln*, published in Duckworth's series, will be remembered. But though his special subject is American government and politics, these are far from exhausting a very lively interest in affairs, as his articles in the *Fortnightly* attest. He is a Fellow of Corpus Christi College and lectures on American and French politics.

Few English journalists have known France so well as **Sisley Huddleston**. A prolific writer, he has with easy urbanity interpreted its politics, its history and the life of its people in many books and articles for Anglo-Saxon readers. He was for some years the Paris correspondent of the *Observer* and afterwards of *The Times*. Then he was caught up in other occupations, mostly American, and his writing activities in the British press were interrupted. Readers of the *Fortnightly* will welcome the return to its pages of one who was formerly a regular contributor.

**Major Lawrence Athill** made his first contact with the Abyssinians in investigating one of the numerous affrays that occur on the borders of this warlike people's territory. For nineteen years he was a gunner, but retired in 1925. He is now much engaged in organizing a British ambulance service for Abyssinia.

**Dr. Rudolf Kircher** is editor of the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, which has a long tradition of liberal journalism and remains one of the most influential of German

newspapers. As a former correspondent for some years for his paper in London he knows England well, and recently returned here to lecture and to interpret English opinion to Germany.

**Osbert Burdett's** book on the pleasant subject of cheese was reviewed in these columns last month. It has since been the theme of a lively and erudite correspondence in the daily press.

**George Soloveyitchik**, who is the son and grandson of Russian bankers, sought refuge from the Bolsheviks in England in 1919 and by the age of twenty had graduated at Oxford. He has been foreign manager for a City firm, travelling much on the Continent, and constantly writing articles and books.

Since he travelled with the Prince of Wales in New Zealand in 1920 and wrote a book about it, **Hector Bolitho** has wandered much in the pleasant paths of biography. He is now engaged on the life of the first Lord Inchcape.

**Carl Goldenberg** is a barrister and a lecturer in economics at McGill University. This young Montrealer had the special advantage, in writing of Canada's new Prime Minister and his tariff policy, of having been economic adviser to the Liberal Party in the recent election.

**Günther Stein** was assistant editor of the *Berliner Tageblatt* until the Nazi revolution, after having served his paper as correspondent in many capitals; is now a correspondent of English newspapers in Tokyo.

**Michael Langley**, the youngest of our contributors, was born in 1911. He is fond of unconventional travel in cargo boats and on foot, and is engaged on a book on the Middle East.